

THE LIVING AGE.

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} FROM BEGINNING
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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

THE CALL.

Hark! 'Tis the rush of the horses,
The crash of the galloping gun!
The stars are out of their courses;
The hour of Doom has begun.
Leap from thy scabbard, O sword!
This is the Day of the Lord!

Prate not of peace any longer,
Laughter and idlesse and ease!
Up, every man that is stronger!
Leave but the priest on his knees!
Quick, every hand to the hilt!
Who striketh not—his the guilt!

Call not each man on his brother!
Cry not to Heaven to save!
Thou art the man—not another—
Thou, to off glove and out glaive!
Fight ye who ne'er fought before!
Fight ye old fighters the more!

Oh, but the thrill and the splendor,
The sudden new knowledge—I can!
To fawn on no hireling defender,
But fight one's own fight as a man!
On woman's love won we set store;
To win one's own manhood is more.

Who hath a soul that will glow not,
Set face to face with the foe?
"Is life worth living?"—I know not:
Death is worth dying, I know.
Aye, I would gamble with Hell,
And—losing such stakes—say, 'Tis
well!

F. W. Bourdillon.

The Spectator.

FIVE SOULS.

FIRST SOUL.

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plough because the message
ran:—
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was
slain.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know:
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

SECOND SOUL.

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to
fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Mus-
covite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know:
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

THIRD SOUL.

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's
loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot
hurled
His felon blow at France and at the
world;
Then I went forth to Belgium and my
doom.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know:
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

FOURTH SOUL.

I owned a vineyard by the wooded
Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I
rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair
Lorraine.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know:
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

FIFTH SOUL.

I worked in a great shipyard by the
Clyde.
There came a sudden word of wars
declared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, un-
prepared,
Asking our aid: I joined the ranks,
and died.
I gave my life for freedom—This I
know:
For those who bade me fight had told
me so.

W. N. Ewer.

The Nation.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

The capture of Antwerp after a few days' siege has naturally struck the imagination of the world, though militarily it is only an incident, so far as results are concerned, in the German operations on the western theatre of war. None the less, the fall of the city marks a stage in the "fiscalization" (as the Germans say) of Belgium, which enables us to form certain conclusions, both military and political, clearing, so to speak, the air. I am not going to indulge in arm-chair strategy. Antwerp, however, provides us with a salutary lesson which our footballers and other unthinking people will do well to take to heart. And it is this—not to underestimate the foe.

Without question, the capture of the great fort, commonly supposed to be impregnable, and regarded even by military opinion till the eve of its fall to be the strongest fortified position in Europe, was a remarkable achievement—the work of the Austro-German siege guns. No object can be served in pretending otherwise. We now know that these Krupp siege guns, provided they can be got into position, go through forts as easily as our cavalry is said to go through the German Uhlands, like brown paper. It is one of the revelations of the war. The fortification "expert" has been proved wrong. The Germans, who have long boasted of their "secret" siege guns, have established a new truth in military science, to be set beside the now admitted value of aircraft, which may be said (in contradistinction to what was told us before their use was put to the proof) to be the second and true "sight" of the artillery. In considering the task before the Allies, we must take this gun factor of the Germans into account. We must assume

that the German forts, Metz, Strassburg, etc., are provided with these weapons, and that the passage of the Rhine—when the time comes for the French and British Armies to force its passage—will be defended by them. People who think the Germans are going to be easily driven back across the Rhine are seriously mistaking the resources and qualities of the enemy, and it is right that they should be disillusioned. Decisions can only be obtained by untiring and unconquerable effort. That the Allies will eventually obtain those decisions we may count on, because the three great elements of successful war—money, time, and Sea Power, not to speak of numbers (a consideration which will only make itself felt as the war progresses, each month proportionately to the disadvantage of the Germans), are against Germany, whereas the longer the war is protracted the greater economic damage the Allies will be able to inflict upon trade and the internal situation of their adversaries. The equation of attrition (of life and substance) is thus all on the side of the Allies. So much so that we can say with mathematical certainty that a two years' war will damage Germany five times as much as a one year's war, and a three years' war ten times as much as a two years' war.

But to belittle German arms is merely foolish. The German advance on Paris was an astonishing feat. That the German war machine is terribly efficient, we can admit. All the more confidently must we realize not only how imperative for civilization it is to crush it, and how resolutely we must apply ourselves to bring about this consummation. This result can only be effected by prodigious sacrifice and endeavor. The Allied Armies are fight-

ing the most powerful enemy that ever took the field of battle, a nation trained for war, who have thought out the present contest to the minutest detail, a people who will go down fighting. Against the military organization and spirit of Germany the idea of a speedy victory must be put aside. The war that has broken out is in its primitive instincts a racial movement, as in all its moral and philosophic motives it is a nation's struggle for supremacy, for historic life and being. It is thus a Civil War, in the sense of a civilization which, as the result of decades of careful preparation, has deliberately set out to beat down and impose itself upon another civilization according to the laws which govern the fittest. Such a contest must be fought out with the desperation and ferocity peculiar to all Civil War. Nor should we forget that no people know the horrors of civil strife better than the Germans. The wars of Frederick, the Thirty Years' War, the Peasants' War—these are the historic memories of the Germans. To imagine they will shrink from the superhuman task they have taken upon them, is to misunderstand the German character and spirit. To Germany this war means literally all or nothing. On both sides the struggle has assumed the terrible intensity of life preservation; for the Allies who are fighting the cause of Liberation; for the Germans in the grapple of existence. We may make up our minds to that now, in the spirit of the foes who confront us.

Apart from the military value of Antwerp to the Germans as the base for operations in the air, and possibly by sea, against this country, and as a defence work in conjunction with Namur, Huy, and Liège when the Germans are forced back out of France (for which eventuality the capture of the fortress was, of course, under-

taken), a political lesson attaches to its fall which concerns England in particular. It was Britain, the German Press said, who forced Antwerp to defend itself and so undergo the horrors of bombardment; it was England who brought this needless misery upon the inhabitants of the city—England acting selfishly in her own interests. At the outbreak of war, the intervention of the British Army was regarded with derision. German soldiers would make a point of "wiping out" the British Army, characterized by the Kaiser as "contemptible." But contact with the British forces in the field soon chastened this impression, which has since changed into one of ferocious hatred. The rejoicings in Germany over the fall of Antwerp took the form of an anti-English demonstration. Immediately, we were treated to the nonsense of a late October invasion. To the Germans, Antwerp brought London sensibly within their grasp. Antwerp was a victory over the British, a stage nearer to the German conquest of England. So, politically,¹ Antwerp points its lesson, even if in its incidence the German hatred is rather impotent than effective.

All the same, this explosion of anti-English feeling is instructive, brushing away the last vestige of doubt the wildest sentimentalist among us may have entertained regarding the justice of British participation in the war which, as the Germans have informed us, is aimed primarily and essentially at the overthrow of British power. This hatred has, of course, been the dominant reason of German policy ever since the Kaiser ascended the throne. It was first apparent as a force in German public opinion at the time of

¹ Antwerp renders also the question of Holland's neutrality highly actual. Germany is doing a big business all the time through Holland; her agents are coming and going daily. Nothing can go on here that is not thus made known to the Germans. The Dutch papers know much more than we do about the movement of troops, &c. In this respect our Censorship is sheer ostrich folly.

the death of the Emperor Frederick, when antagonism at the presence of Sir Morell Mackenzie, called in as consulting physician, burst all bounds of national decency. German antipathy to the Empress was ascribed by many people here to her want of tact, her somewhat assertive personality which chafed at the formalities and restrictions of a Court to which she was foreign; but in reality it was due to no such reason. The Germans hated the Empress because she was English, because her sympathies, habits, manners, and outlook brought into the Court, which Germans were determined should be fiercely and racially German, a point of view hateful to the new national spirit. Since the war of '70 it had become the burning desire of Germans to emancipate their foreign policy from attachment, whether dynastic or otherwise, to England; to cut adrift from what was called the "Prussian tradition." To this day the Empress is spoken of with execration. At one time it was common for German officers in public places to rattle their swords in their scabbards at the mention of her name. Hatred of her became almost a legend. It is true that the high-spirited Empress made little attempt to correct the impression public opinion had formed of her, but her real fault consisted in her nationality, for which she was not responsible. If we wish to fathom the depth of the German hatred of this country, we must remember that it dates from the day of the proclamation of German unity in Paris, since when it has been nurtured and upheld as an axiom of Germanic truth. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that the popularity and almost curious power of the Kaiser, who consistently shunned his mother till the reconciliation at her death-bed, has been due to the significance of the Imperial Head of German opinion as the arch-hater of Great Britain,

whose power he was "destined" to cast down.

We have often wondered in this country how it is that the Germans have seemed so unwilling to discuss matters of foreign policy with us, to receive and accept our confidences, to treat us with the friendly spirit we would fain have bestowed upon them. But those who wondered, simply failed to understand. Theorists and political match-makers who thought that German and British policy could be brought into line; that a common bond of interest could be found on a broad and generous basis of give and take; that the sympathies of the two peoples could be united by Treaty or understanding (such as our *Entente* with France), failed to grasp the root passion governing German thought, policy and design which, ever since the creation of the German Empire as the result of war, may be said to have consisted in hatred and envy of England.

Well-wishers in this country who have tried so hard in recent years to bring about pleasant relations between England and Germany were continually being brought up before the hard reality of this German feeling, which, as they failed to conceive it in themselves, they therefore were unable to appreciate in the Germans. To these people the idea of a permanent German hatred seemed nonsensical. The notion that England stood in the path of German destiny seemed fantastic. It was not possible that the great and learned German people should hate the English, and so on; and these premises looked good enough. In reality they were merely theories, because they left out of account the other side, the German estimate of values which from the German point of view were precisely the contrary.

In German opinion, Great Britain was in the position of the great landowner who refuses to sell his land.

She possessed everything, they contended, all the colonies, all the power, all the markets, all the cables, coaling-stations, naval bases, all the outlets she desired, which she maintained by her monopoly of sea power at the cost of the non-seafaring peoples. England was thus the Great Tyrant of civilization. All her possessions had been obtained by force, by political seizure, and by her policy of grab and political dishonesty. The pirate kingdom of the modern world, she was able to hold her position because she had been the first to grasp the value of sea power, whereas the other nations had always been too preoccupied and too unadventurous to challenge it. But this condition, a condition which implied fixture of continuity, could not be accepted by the new German people conscious of their own historical purpose, for there was no permanency in the world, moreover the very acceptance of such a condition presupposed a weakness entirely alien to Germanic thought and dignity.

If sea power was indispensable to the English, so it was indispensable to Germans. As it was, Germany could not develop. Wherever she attempted to impose herself, English interests crossed her path. Even from the abstract view of force, England's claim was unfounded. The *ultima ratio* of Right was Might. But the British Empire had grown out of all proportion to its defensible possibilities. No self-respecting nation could accept the claim of any one people to rule the seas indefinitely. In the case of Great Britain the claim was particularly arrogant, since the Island people who swept the seas were ludicrously weak both numerically and militarily in comparison with the growing power and significance of the Germans at last coming into their own.

Such, in brief, is the German exposition of the case which, whether it be

called Pan-Germanism or Kaiserism, constituted the bed-rock of opinion in the Fatherland while we were seeking to pacify the Germans by pretending it was not so. The truth is that the Germans for thirty years now have looked upon England as the real enemy, the last obstacle to their self-realization. And it is this spirit of envy and hatred which has lain behind the German theory of War or Valor, which prompted the Kaiser to build up to our Fleet, which inspired Pan-Germanism, which sucked in its toils the brain and intelligence of the country. That is why every attempt made on our side to placate German opinion, to discuss shipbuilding policies, and to talk disarmament, has seemed to the Germans but one stab more into the national pride, one insult the greater to avenge.

The hatred the Germans bear towards us is no artificial product capable of adjustment through the soothing influences of time and persuasion, it is a racial philosophy of life. As such it has become not only a policy but a national doctrine—the philosophy of the “top dog.” So the German people long ago made up their minds to be the first in the world, in plain words to fight their way up to European supremacy by land and by sea. In a people which holds itself by some special dispensation of Providence to be the chosen warriors of the modern world and the pathfinders of a higher civilization, committed, as it were, by predestined law to win to the place thus assigned to them, this hatred of the rival Power is seen to be logical, if to others it may appear unreasonable. There is moreover an intellectual force in the notion of a higher Germanic culture, which naturally appeals to a race characterized throughout history as nationally uncertain of itself. Codified as a State ethic, envy is apt to demoralize any people. When mag-

nified into a religion its effects are bound to be disastrous, as we see in the case of Germany. Every people has the right to break out, glibly writes Bernhardt. In a creed like this, of course, there is no romance or chivalry or nobility. Merely the cult of greed, the German hatred is in every sense an ignoble attitude, the law of the jungle. That it is aimed principally at us is due simply to our maritime position—the prize of German ambition.

History can present no other case of national envy being raised into a scientific statement of life, such as the German attitude. Thus the object of the war was to crush France not only in the ordinary military sense but to annihilate the French race. For years this policy has been discussed by Germans of all classes and accepted as the German right and intellectual privilege. Maximilian Harden, for instance, has bluntly formulated the German aim and even abused the Government for not being honest enough publicly to admit it. Once France had been reduced to a vassal State, necessarily drawing Holland and Belgium into the Germanic Federation, Germany with a wide sea-border would be in the position to cope with England. Not a German ever considered the morality of such action. Not a professor ever rose up to denounce the criminality of such a statesmanship. The notion that learning necessarily implies nobility of thought is, of course, quite erroneous. We never credited the Germans with these fell intentions because of our astonishing ignorance of Continental thought and our childlike assumption that an intellectual German must therefore be a moral German, in the sense of international comity so far as the maintenance of treaty obligations, honor, respect for the rights of other peoples and such-like abstract principles are concerned. But nations have different codes of morality, both

of the State and the flesh. Napoleon, for instance, saw life differently from President Wilson. Frederick the Great, again, looked on Europe very much as Napoleon did because he, too, was a soldier. A nation of soldiers, such as the Germans, are not likely to cultivate the attitude of, say, a Presbyterian Radical. The mistake is costing us dearly. When the German newspapers accuse us of being responsible for the war because we never declared our intentions, there is a cynical truth about the assertion which we cannot refute. Had we possessed a national Army this summer, there would have been no ultimatum to Servia. Had we announced officially in the House of Commons about the middle of July our firm intention to fight for France if that Power was attacked, in all probability the war would have been avoided, though, I admit, only postponed. As Bernhardt says, "There is a clear reciprocal relation between the military and political preparations for war, for war and policy obey the same laws; great results can only be obtained where political foresight and military resolution join hands."

This has been—we can all see it now—the great danger in Europe ever since 1900. The great military Power preparing for war as the ethical reason of State, while Great Britain, as the leading Power on the seas, sought by peaceful protestations and "good example" to solve a problem which, as it stood for force, could only be solved by force. Instead of being ready to meet the German invasion, we were caught hopelessly unprepared like a lot of amateurs. Although this war has threatened Europe for ten years, and actually five times was on the verge of breaking out, we took no precautions, grumbled even about building ships. Warned again and again, to-day we have no right to complain. Our unpreparedness was precisely what the

Germans counted on. Where they went wrong was in their estimate of our national spirit—it never occurring to the logical and methodical mind of the German that a nation which, realizing the peril, yet took no steps to safeguard or even assert herself, could possibly be so inconsequent as to accept the German challenge and then set to work to meet it. If we consider this single fact for a moment we can realize the gulf dividing British from German thought, the impossibility of reconciling such antagonistic points of view. To the German professors, this military-political carelessness of ours amounts to criminality. They cannot understand how a people can be so foolish, just as we cannot understand how the Germans can be so politically immoral. Tell a German professor that, and he would gasp. Immoral! How so? For years, he would respond, Germany has proclaimed the intention of war. "If a man has the chance, is he not to take it?" There can be no immorality about a policy explained in every German newspaper for the last fifteen years, in every professorial chair, in every responsible utterance. Rather is it immoral for a nation, like the English, to pretend that they were the friends of a people whom they now denounce as wicked for doing the very thing they have proclaimed to the world as the national policy and religion, and so leading the German people astray. The German supposition was that as England did not prepare to oppose Germany therefore she did not intend to oppose her. From the fulness of our hearts we may thank our stars that the accident of Russian co-operation has saved England from the ruin that otherwise would have overtaken her with France.

That is the reason why the German hatred is now directed chiefly at us. If we failed to grasp the military situation before the war, let us at

least understand the political one which we shall have to face now for a century. Our intervention has thwarted the whole German military design. Had we failed Belgium, as the Germans counted on, that country could hardly have defended itself. Our ships have swept German commerce from off the seas. Our valiant Expeditionary Army held up the German flanking advance at the crucial moment. The entire Western Campaign has miscarried largely owing to our armed support. These things the Germans will never forgive us. The hatred they bore us before the war will henceforth be doubled. We must prepare now to meet the full venom of German rancour on the field of battle and in political life. No greater mistake could be made than to assume that this war will be terminated by ordinary paper Treaties and conventions, by conferences of so-called distinguished ambassadors, with the usual lack of results either to the victor or the vanquished. This war will be the most terrible in all history and the most fiercely contested. No parchment documents can settle it. The problem is not one of statesmanship or kings. As a racial movement, it will only be ended with the military destruction of that race crippled of its power for evil. Any other view is misleading.

Its final solution—through the German people—is more than probable, but that time is not yet; nor is there any use to-day even in discussing such an eventuality. From henceforth the war bears the character of this racial German hatred which aims at our destruction. We must reckon with every conceivable act of German diplomatic treachery and machination; we must prepare for every possible surprise. As time goes on and Germany realizes the

³ Diplomatically, of course. This was the work of Sir E. Grey. Had he flinched, Belgium might pardonably have been overawed. To her, the Allies owe all.

impossibility of defeating the Allied Armies, she will endeavor by every means known to man to stir up enmity between the Allies, to detach them, to create discord and trouble in the British possessions, to sow distrust and propagate falsity in our midst, with one end in view—to crush this Island. If there is any Englishman to-day who expects that on the termination of the war Briton and German will shake hands and forget, he must be indeed a pretty simpleton. The Germans will not forget. We, on our side, must remember that to render powerless a nation of sixty-eight millions, not to speak of the Austrians, is a task never before attempted in war, a task which would have staggered even the vanity of Xerxes. That is the situation. To refuse to face it, is folly. From now onwards the Germans and the British face one another as implacable foes fighting for their respective existences. In the struggle, either we go down or the Germans. There will be no golden mean. We are the enemy the Germans seek to destroy. Either they succeed or we as ruthlessly destroy them.

In many ways we have not yet risen to the nobility of our task. The question, for instance, of allowances to wives and families of soldiers is still in a state of red tape chaos and unbusinesslike direction, due to the breakdown of the department responsible through overwork, want of system, and the usual fog of officialism. If we are to fight this war on voluntary effort, this amateurishness must cease. Surely the time has come for the Government to place this matter on a big national basis worthy of the cause and of the people. And this it should do at once by means of a special War Provision Loan, as the Americans did. It should be a national honor to care generously for the dependants of all soldiers. The Government would be far better employed seeing to this question than

fussing about the lights of London—which from an aeronautical point of view can hardly be regarded as a serious deterrent.

Are we downhearted? No, we are not; almost I wish we were, for then Britain would rise as one man. I am going to be perfectly plain. We don't yet realize the stupendous gravity of our military task, we are not conscious of the terrible nature of the war we are engaged upon, we are not stern enough about our responsibility. The Antwerp "affair" alone shows how curiously unable even our authorities seem to be to grasp the force of the German military organization. Just think. On the Saturday that a grotesquely ill-equipped body of Naval Brigade raw levies were sent into the Antwerp trenches to fight, which the men did, like veterans, our newspapers were full of reports of football matches. I will say no more. But this is the sort of thing that must end if we are to thrash the Germans. We must cease the silly prattle about one Cockney leading in five Uhlans with a sausage, our accounts of German boots in shreds, etc.; the war is too serious for such journalistic nonsense. As a fact, the German soldiers don't wear socks, but a kind of puttee,³ their boots are excellent. We may be sure that when Moltke said the war of '70 was won by boot-leather, the lesson has been taken to heart. And that is it. Ink-pot gibes at the Germans won't help anybody. We are fighting the most scientifically equipped army ever seen in war, an army which has prepared for this attack on Europe for ten years unremittingly. We are fighting the largest and most redoubtable foe in all history, and every English-

³ It would be better if we devoted our attention to the cloth provided for Kitchener's Army. The Government's price is about 2s. 6d., which means the cheapest almost in the market. As there appears to be no expert control, even this low standard is not kept to under the contract system. But why is our Army to be thus niggardly clad? The men ought to have the best. Our contract stuff is far inferior to the German Army Cloth.

man ought to know it. We are fighting the applied military brains of five decades. All the more honor to us when we beat them.

The question that we have to decide is whether our voluntary effort, however wonderful, will be able to cope successfully with the scientific war system of our foe. War with us has always been what military writers call one of "limited activity," that is to say, we have never had an army since the era of conscription capable of bringing about decisions on the Continent, and so ending a war satisfactorily. The German military staff has long counted on this method of ours. But this is a war where only "full strength" will bring about the necessary decisions. It is thus a war of what the Germans call "unlimited activities." We must remember that in a war of this kind so-called battles are only to be looked on as incidents. In this the German military experts have been right, and what Bernhardt wrote, that with the enormous extent of the modern fighting line it would be impossible to bring about one decisive issue in the old sense of the word, has proved correct, as we can see in this campaign. From the Marne we went to the Aisne. From the Aisne we have gone to the north-west corner of France. But still there is no decision. If the Germans fall back there will no doubt be a great contest in Flanders, another one on the lines Antwerp, Liège, etc. Pressed further back there will be their own frontier lines. Finally, there will be the lines of their fortresses. As a last resort there will be the line, the almost impregnable line, of the Rhine.

The question, therefore, is, are we setting about this war with full strength? I cannot say that we are. It would seem imperative to have conscription at once—though there again the question arises whether we could

deal with the men, or train them, or provide them with rifles. We ought to segregate all non-naturalized Germans in these Islands and keep them under military watch. We ought to make a razzia of all spies who, if convicted, should be shot. We ought to look forward to a couple of years of war. Lastly, the Government ought to be a military one, with full powers, civil and military, for the duration of the war.*

As for a bomb or so over London, they are not likely to do much harm. War is war; the trouble is we don't half realize what war against Germany means. But we will make a terrible mistake if we underrate the German armies; if we fail to provide for all possible contingencies. We need now more truth in the Press, a deeper realization of our responsibility, a single Governmental control vested in the supreme military command.⁵

* Englishmen who would care to have an unbiased view of the nature of the war between England and Germany should read "The Day of the Saxon," by Mr. Homer Lea, an American, who thus summarizes our national attitude:—"The old ideals which produced the world-Empire have been laid aside. The warlike spirit is only of secondary consideration; it is hardly anything farther than that spirit of commerce, slothful and satiated with the accumulation of things which are useless for national and racial progress."

This is undoubtedly true. We have now either to cultivate and give proof of this warlike spirit, preparing to fight to the end, or go under. In plain words, we have got to fight Germany with her own weapons, to become as armed, as determined, as scientifically equipped, and as warlike as she is.

⁵ The question of Antwerp has raised this matter to the point of gravity. It appears that technically the "final judgment as to both the sufficiency and efficiency of the Navy on which the nation's security depends rests with a Civilian Minister, whose qualifications for his post are not formed on special technical knowledge."—"The Morning Post," November 24th, 1900.] I submit: is this the fact, and if so, ought not this amateurishness to be immediately rectified? I am not casting any reflection on Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a brave man. We are all liable to mistakes. But what is essential is a minimum of mistakes. The mere presence of Mr. Churchill at Antwerp for the "week-end" showed how singularly he underrated the powers of the German attack on the fortress. That is the point. This schoolboy spirit may be magnificent; the question is, Will amateurishness of this kind avail against the war science of the Germans? Our Army is certainly the finest in Europe. It is the administration I am referring to: the Antwerp "week-end." Mr. McKenna's slackness about spies, the muzzling of the Press, etc. What I mean by amateurishness is the muddle, inevitable in the circumstances, caused by a war of this magnitude, which was not prepared for. That is why we need a single military Administration to galvanize and direct our fighting machine.

We are fighting, like the French and Belgians, like the Germans themselves, for all—for life, for our historical continuity. With the aid of Russia we shall win. But it is still a long way to Berlin. We read in the Press of the Belgian Legation summoning the volunteers and militiamen 1914, who

The English Review.

have *not yet* taken up arms, to proceed to Rouen, while our boxers box, our horses run, and the Cup Ties go on as usual. In the meanwhile, let us remember that the struggle must now in all its ultimate bearings be fought out between England and Germany.

Austin Harrison.

THE FLOATING MINES CURSE.

AN UNSENTIMENTAL STUDY.

I.

The chief basis on which the obligations of the law of war, apart from contractual engagements, rest is immemorial usage. The binding character on neutrals of blockade, of the right of visit and search, of the forbidding of carriage of contraband are all justified by considerations derived from the same source. Attenuations of belligerent right have grown up in more recent times, such as the practice of the exemption of fishing craft from capture and the forbidding of hostilities in neutral territorial waters. The very freedom of the sea has been the result of a similar process of development. International law has, therefore, points of resemblance with our own common law, and an international convention, like an Act of Parliament, only takes that much out of its operation which is specifically dealt with. This common law of naval war has largely arisen through the interplay of belligerent requirements and neutral resistance. Thus the neutral interest has successfully vindicated its right to the principle of being unmolested wherever this was compatible with the exercise by belligerents of their rights of war against each other. It was this interest which eventually put an end to the practice of paper blockades and obliged belligerents to give such effect to the forbidding of

ingress and egress outside the blockaded ports that the blockade became illegal unless ships were on the spot to ensure its enforcement. This limitation of the area of blockade was all to the advantage of the freedom of the sea. The Declaration of Paris gave contractual effect not only to this neutral claim but also to the right of the neutral to carry enemy goods, except contraband of war, and to exemption from capture, with the same exception, of his goods even on enemy ships. All the advances of the international law of naval war have been in the direction of reducing belligerent right as far as possible to its minimum expression.

Two conclusions may be derived from these considerations: the one is that international law, as such, can only be altered through the gradual growth of a new practice or through deliberate enactment, so to speak, by international convention.

The question arises, in connection with the use of floating mines, of how this affects the laying of these new engines of warfare in the open sea. They are of too recent an origin to warrant a contention that any usage has grown up with reference to them.

The only belligerent rights affecting neutrals recognized by international usage are the following: Visit and search of neutral vessels and capture

of neutral vessels carrying contraband of war or engaged in unneutral service or caught attempting to violate a blockade (which must now be effective, per Declaration of Paris). It also permits the deliberate destruction at sea of captured vessels in certain conditions of necessity. Otherwise it does not permit injury to or the destruction of even an unresisting enemy private ship, and, as in the case of a neutral vessel, the belligerent warship is forbidden to fire into it or to do it any harm without first summoning it to surrender. Nor can its capture be effected without the accomplishment of certain formalities, nor can it be adjudged prize without trial in a Prize Court. If, in the case of a neutral vessel, no contraband is found on board, the usage of naval war requires that the belligerent warship shall at once allow it to proceed on its voyage. If, on trial, the capture is found to have been unjustified, the ship is released by order of the Court. No new engine of destruction can alter this immemorial usage of naval warfare. A powerful belligerent may break the law, but he cannot establish a usage, and any new engine of warfare he may use cannot but in law be subject to established usage. Otherwise, it is an obvious truth to say, there is no law of the sea at all, and a powerful neutral would be quite as much entitled to break the law on his side by refusing to allow the belligerent to exercise the right of visit and search or that of interference with the carriage of contraband. Established usage, as the result of a compounding of conflicting interests, the nations of the world have a common interest in maintaining, and it cannot be infringed without ultimate loss to them all, without endangering that state of law and order among them which is the foundation of modern civilization, whether in time of peace or in time of war.

II.

Floating mines, as I have said, are a new engine of war as to which no usage can yet be said to have grown up. The method of using them, however, was very fully discussed at The Hague Conference of 1907, when the following articles were adopted:

Article I.—It is forbidden:

1. To lay automatic mines of contact, not moored, unless they are so constructed as to become harmless one hour at most after those who have laid them have lost control over them;
2. To lay automatic mines of contact which are moored, if they do not become harmless when they have broken from their moorings;
3. To employ torpedoes which do not become harmless when they have missed their object.

Article II.—It is forbidden to lay automatic contact mines along the enemy coast or ports, with the sole object of intercepting commercial navigation.

Article III.—When moored automatic contact mines are used, all possible precautions should be taken for the security of peaceful navigation.

Belligerents undertake to arrange, as far as possible, that these mines shall become harmless after a limited lapse of time, and, when they cease to be guarded, to notify the dangerous regions, as soon as military exigencies permit, by a notice to navigation, which should also be communicated to Government through the diplomatic channel.

Article IV.—Every neutral Power laying automatic contact mines along its coasts must observe the same rules and take the same precautions as those imposed on belligerents.

A neutral Power must notify navigation, by previous notice, of the places where automatic contact mines are moored. This communication should be made without delay to Government through the diplomatic channel.

Article V.—At the termination of the war the Contracting Powers undertake to do everything in their power, each on its own side, to remove

the mines which they have laid.

With respect to moored automatic contact mines which either of the belligerents may have laid along the coast of the other, the spots where they have been laid shall be notified by the Power which has laid them to the other Power, and each Power must proceed as soon as possible to remove the mines in its waters.

Article VI.—Contracting Powers which have not yet at their disposal improved mines such as provided for in this Convention, and who consequently cannot at present comply with the rules laid down in Articles I. and III., undertake to alter their stock of mines as soon as possible, in order to comply with the above-mentioned rules.

Article VII.—The provisions of the present Convention are only applicable as among the Contracting Powers, and provided the belligerents are all parties to the Convention.

This Convention has been ratified by all the Powers at present in conflict except Russia. In their ratifications Germany and France, however, reserved Article II. The objection to it was the plausible one that the object of placing mines was a matter beyond the scope of a commanding officer's discretion.

Inasmuch as Article VI. left a margin of discretion to the ratifying Powers in giving effect to other articles, critics of the Convention, moreover, have gone the length of regarding it as a dead letter or, to speak more correctly, as a still-born good intention. I do not share this view of it, and, in any case, more important than the text of the Convention is the discussion which took place on the subject at The Hague Conference. In the course of this discussion it was the German Delegates who proposed the following restriction of the use of floating mines on the high sea: "The laying of anchored automatic contact mines shall also be allowed in the area of the belligerents' immediate activ-

ity, provided precautions are taken for the safety to which neutrals are entitled." This proposition was repeated by the German Delegates, in conjunction with the American and Japanese Delegates, in the following form:

The laying of automatic contact mines by belligerents is allowed only within their own territorial waters and the territorial waters of their enemies and in the area of the belligerents' immediate activity.

It was again repeated by the German Delegates, in conjunction with the American and Netherlands Delegates, in the following form:

If anchored contact mines are used all necessary precautions must be taken for the safety of legitimate shipping. The belligerents particularly undertake in the case where such mines are allowed to go adrift to notify the dangerous zones to the public as soon as possible or to see that the mines become innocuous after a certain lapse of time, so that any danger to legitimate navigation be as much as possible avoided.

In explanation of the German view of what the "area of the belligerents' immediate activity" meant, the following provision was suggested by the German Delegates:

The placing of automatic contact mines shall also be allowed on the theatre of war; the theatre of war shall be considered to be that area of the sea where a military operation has taken place or takes place, or where it may be expected to take place by reason of the presence or approach of the armed forces of the two belligerents.

Not only did the German Naval Delegation strive to make it quite clear that the interest of neutrals must be protected, but Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German Chief Delegation, made the following disclaimer in the name of his Government:

The German Delegation has found itself compelled to oppose a great num-

ber of the provisions which sought to restrict the use of mines. I am anxious in a few words to explain the extent of the reservations we have made, and particularly to defend our attitude from the interpretation that, apart from the restrictions accepted by us, we ask for unlimited freedom to use these engines. We have no intention, if I may use the words of the British Delegate, "to strew mines in profusion in all the seas."

That is not so. We are not of the opinion that what is not expressly prohibited is allowed.

A belligerent who lays mines assumes a very heavy responsibility towards neutrals and pacific navigation. On this point we are all agreed. No one will resort to this weapon without absolutely urgent military reasons and military operations are not governed solely by the provisions of International Law. There are other factors. Conscience, common sense, and the sense of duty imposed by principles of humanity will be the safest guides for the sailor's behavior and will constitute the most efficacious guarantee against abuse. The officers of the German Navy, let me publicly affirm, will always fulfil in the strictest possible manner the duties which proceed from the unwritten law of humanity and civilization. . . .

In order to give a solid testimony of the German Delegation's willingness to contribute to any acceptable measures which may reassure public opinion we are ready to prohibit for a period of five years—i.e. for the duration of this Convention—the use of floating mines altogether. We propose, therefore, that the first paragraph of the first article should read as follows: "It is forbidden for a period of five years to lay floating automatic contact mines."

It is thus seen that Germany, at the Conference of 1907, admitted to the fullest extent the claims of neutrals to be subjected to the very minimum of molestation through the use of floating mines. The British Dele-

gation on its side made the following reserve:

In affixing their signatures to this Convention the British Plenipotentiaries declare that the fact of the said Convention not forbidding any act or proceeding must not be regarded as depriving H.B.M. Government of the right to contest the legality of the said act or proceeding.

Thus, as between Great Britain and Germany, this country has expressly reserved its right to regard the use of floating mines in warfare as governed by the Common Law of naval war, and the German Government has acknowledged the duty to respect neutral rights in the most emphatic manner whenever it is possible to do so.

As regards the Convention as a whole, the rights of peaceful navigation (which includes not only neutral right but the right also of enemy fishing craft and other vessels specifically exempted by established usage, unreservedly confirmed by all the parties in Hague Convention No. XI., from capture) are set out in the preamble which bases it on "regard to the principle of the freedom of sea routes, open to all nations"; and on the consideration "that, if in the present state of things, the use of submarine mines with automatic contact cannot be forbidden, it is important to limit and regulate their use, in order to restrict the rigors of war and to give, as far as possible, to peaceful navigation the security it has the right to claim, in spite of the existence of a war."

It is seen that in dealing with floating mines we must be guided by the international law of naval war as it exists apart from The Hague Convention, which has altered nothing, but which, on the contrary, has re-affirmed the right of harmless navigation to be unmolested by actual hostilities.

III.

Let us now examine the position of a

floating mine among the recognized methods of warfare. I have pointed out above that numerous provisions have become part of the usage of naval warfare with a view to protecting neutral and certain exempted enemy vessels from injury or destruction. If a belligerent warship attacked an unresisting neutral vessel on the high sea, it would be committing an act of violence and be liable to such penalties as can be inflicted upon it for violation of the rules of war. Even if it fired into an unresisting private enemy ship the same penalty would be incurred. A floating mine is simply an engine of destruction, in the same way as a shell projected by a cannon is an engine of destruction, and no belligerent can divest himself of his obligation to exercise control over his engines of destruction. This is practically admitted by Article I. of The Hague Convention, the obvious object of which is to oblige the belligerent to keep all possible control over the mines he lays. It follows from that article that, though the right to lay automatic contact mines is admitted, The Hague Conference went no further than to allow the laying of mines which, when not under control, become harmless in so short a time that danger to navigation is practically eliminated. The Great Powers who took part in the discussion of the Convention, we must remember, made it clear that the mines should only be allowed within the area of immediate hostilities or of probable immediate hostilities. There is nothing in the Convention itself that implies, beyond this, any alteration of the existing usage of naval warfare.

IV.

Observance of the laws of war entitles captives from the enemy forces to be treated as prisoners of war. The Hague Regulations respecting the treatment of prisoners contain numerous

provisions, most of which already belonged to the usage of war, for their protection. Combatants who do not conform to the usages of war and carry on illicit warfare do not enjoy the privilege of treatment as prisoners of war, and are criminals liable to the penalties provided by the belligerent martial law for punishment as such. If the laying of mines on the high sea is an illicit practice, in what category of war crimes should it be classed? Professor von Liszt, of Berlin, whose work on International Law has reached a 9th edition since 1902, defines piracy as "any act of violence on the high sea contrary to International Law." "It is not," he says, "indispensable to piracy that the object should be robbery." I am not myself prepared to take the same view as Professor von Liszt, but it is interesting to note that this distinguished writer, who is the author of the textbook on International Law which has the widest circulation in Germany, takes this exhaustive view of piracy. If his view is correct, then a vessel employed in laying mines on the high sea is guilty of piracy, and the officers and crew of such a vessel would be liable to the punishment meted out to pirates. I am not, I say, prepared to take Professor von Liszt's view, but that is a technical question which is not essential to the present issue. All the length International Law goes is to declare the illegality. The penalties incurred belong to municipal law.

To sum up, the position in International Law of floating mines may, I think, be stated shortly to be as follows:

1. The claim to lay floating mines has been confirmed by The Hague Convention No. 8 and the laying of such mines is therefore no longer forbidden. I do not think the English reservation can be held to apply to the principle of "permissibility."

2. They can be used by belligerents and neutrals alike in their respective territorial waters for purposes of defence, provided proper warning be given to peaceful navigation which may then avoid such waters.

3. Belligerents may place floating mines in enemy territorial waters, subject, however, to giving such notice as will ensure the safety of navigation for neutral vessels and enemy vessels exempt from capture.

4. Belligerents may use floating mines in the immediate neighborhood of hostilities in the same way as they may use their other engines of war. The area of hostilities is a vague word, but, if it has any sense at all, it means a reasonable area and implies that the hostilities are genuinely within it. Moreover, the mines to be used within that area must be of a nature that does not expose innocent navigation to danger after hostilities are over and the area has been deserted.

Any use of floating mines outside the authorization given by The Hague Convention is contrary to the law of naval war. There are, however, practical difficulties in the way of enforcing this law in a war in which practi-

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cally all the great military and naval Powers are engaged. Only one Great Power, viz. the United States, is outside the present fray, and, although her influence may be enormous from a moral point of view, it is not as if the majority of the Powers were neutral, as has been the case in all wars of our own time. The danger of reprisals and the impotency of neutrals exposes the present war to becoming one of lawless outrage. The claim of Germany to possession of a superior culture ought to lead to her desisting from the unlawful and even outrageous use she is making of floating mines. It is beyond the scope of this article to point out their horrors, but one moment's reflection will show that to expose even an enemy warship to so cruel a method of destruction without warning of the approaching enemy or the knowledge of approximate danger has introduced into civilized warfare the cruellest method of destruction the genius of man has yet devised.

Thomas Barclay

(Vice-President of the Institute of International Law).

THE POMANDERS.

BY ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING BACK.

I went to a students' concert the other evening with my friend Foddles. He had invited me to go, and though I am now well past the years of such conviviality, I was glad to mingle for a short time in the musical enthusiasm of youth.

At the concert I was pleased to find that all the old things were still there, with little, if any, change, and nothing that was new to me was other than pleasant. There were the minstrels with their plantation melodies

—weirdly harmonious; there were two or three of the solid men singing really good songs; there were the fellows who sang comic songs with comic effects—effects produced sometimes by their capacity, sometimes by their incapacity; and, of course, there was the man who sang,

"I have a song to sing—oh,"

—producing the rapturous response, "Sing us your song."

It is that last man who is probably responsible for this book. For as I sat there dreamily speculative, the circumstances of the evening, the singers,

the songs, and a few known faces all brought back to me the recollections of the past, the days that are gone and the problems which are all now solved. How big those problems loomed before me then! But now they are only the shadows that have fled. Yet the recollection of them spoke to me as I listened to the singer, and seemed to say, "You have a song to sing—a tale to tell." And mystic voices swelling round me seemed to answer with soft insistence, "Tell us your tale."

Since then I have resisted, but the voices grow ever more pleading and persuasive. There are child voices among them—voices that are curiously eager. They have divined that there is a romance somewhere, and they will know, they will see what I have seen. They say to me wistfully, "You have seen Arcadie—tell us."

"Arcadie!" the big word they do not understand, but which means to them the wonderful land of their dreams.

Nevertheless I would not tell. Nothing should induce me to tell if it were my tale alone, if it were only to add another to the already large collection of the world's egotistic autobiographies. No; but there is more in it than that. It is not my tale only. It is the tale too of the Pomanders. For that reason it deserves to be told.

And for that reason I have got out my diaries and my scrap-books, my picture post-cards and my letters, my photos and my bank-books—in fact, the whole paraphernalia of a large part of my life—and I have taken up my pen.

But, despite all the material, I find it difficult to begin. Looking back makes me more than usually speculative, and I incline to delve among the causes of things and the beginnings of my life, and to seek the sources of my actions and of the longings which I have felt at different times.

But what avails that? It is the ir-

recoverable past, and I do not know that I would alter much even if I could.

I would have been glad, I am sure, if I had had parents like other boys to take care of me while young. Since I lost my parents very early, I perhaps grew up more free than other boys, but I think I would have exchanged that freedom for a mother's tenderness. However, it was not so appointed, and I spent my youth mostly among schools and schoolmasters, who educated me according to the ideas of the time. That education proceeded under the general direction of my uncle, a crusty old merchant in the north of England, as unlike my father, I understand, as any brother could be. Probably for that reason he had been appointed to act as my guardian, and to administer such estate as my father left.

Judging from the results of examinations, I must have been a fair scholar, and it may be on that account that my uncle decided that I should be trained for the bar. I have no recollection of ever thinking very seriously about the matter myself. My uncle seldom saw me. He wrote me letters from time to time giving occasional advice, but in general confining himself to giving intimation of the next thing that was to happen to me. In regard to the "bar," he stated that he had consulted with various persons, and had come to the conclusion that I was best fitted for law. He suggested that I should take the necessary steps for that purpose, and inform him what sums I required. It was characteristic of him that at this, which might be considered an important stage of my career, he never troubled to see me. I understand, however, that he was really doing his duty to the best of his ability, but that he considered himself incapable of understanding what he called "modern youth." In place of seeing me he got reports

from headmasters, teachers, and others, which he apparently considered carefully. I ascertained that he had done so when going over his papers after his death, for I then found all the reports upon me docketed and put up in a file. On looking over them I must say that, from whatever reasons, the headmasters and others were singularly laudatory in their reports. Indeed, if I am ever charged with highway robbery, or loitering with intent to steal, or suchlike crimes (which my careless habits might render possible), I shall certainly have these reports produced in court. They form one long psalm of triumph, dealing with George Kerrendel in all stages of his development.

Viewed quite impartially, I think some of these reports are inaccurate, and produced for reasons not unconnected with sums payable to headmasters quarterly or termly; but that will not hinder their usefulness. I can call the headmasters as witnesses, and they dare not dispute their own reports.

My uncle may have been to some extent misled by these documents. He sometimes marked them on the back with a blue pencil—probably to save himself the bother of re-reading old reports when comparing them with the latest. Marks such as "tolerable," "getting on," "not so bad," and even at one point "remarkable," seem to have served him for that purpose. Only on one report is there any sign of suspicion. On that one my uncle appears to have followed the example of the Duke of Wellington by writing the letters "D.L." My uncle was familiar with the story of the Duke using a blue pencil upon an account of the battle of Waterloo, when he employed these letters to indicate forcibly that certain statements were untrue.

Whatever the value of the reports, their result, I believe, tended to raise

me in my uncle's estimation; and I think the intimation that I was to go to the bar was an indication of his esteem. Anyhow, I went there; but that was the beginning of the end with my uncle.

My becoming a barrister was a misadventure. On ordinary lines I was entirely unfitted for the bar. I had been an imaginative boy, and, as I grew older, a scholar to some extent, and had dealt in abstractions a good deal. I was more or less familiar with the writings of philosophers, ancient and modern, and I theorized (remember I was young) upon the ideal state. I wanted to do justice between man and man. I had an income of my own (not large certainly—only £250 per annum), but with that in my pocket I felt called upon to achieve justice. What I was asked to do was to attend to law, it being at the same time clearly indicated that I had nothing to do with whether it was justice or not.

Looking back, I am afraid I was quixotic.

I had two opportunities. I think it is probable that both of the briefs which represented the opportunities arrived through the influence of my uncle.

In the first case, I had the greatest sympathy with the defender whom I represented. I never saw her, so that no one can say that I was influenced by her charms; but I believed then, and believe still, that she had a case which was just in equity and morality and common-sense. So believing, I put all that I knew and all that I could gather into that case. I worked for it; I wrought for it; I fought for it. In the accidental absence of my eminent senior I argued for several hours before a learned judge, who blandly congratulated me on the excellent way in which I had presented my case. Not only so, but the solicitors behind

me and several leading counsel congratulated me. I awaited the day of judgment with hope. When it came, the same learned judge, in giving his decision, said that while there might be many grounds of equity upon which the defender's case might be supported, it did not appear that the state of the law could permit, &c., &c. To put it briefly, we had lost.

We appealed. Despite the aid of the eminent senior, we lost again.

I was in despair, but the solicitors in the case were quite untroubled. Indeed, they were as hearty as ever in their congratulations on the way in which I had conducted the case.

Upon the strength of my conduct they sent me another case. But my experience in number one had saddened me. It seemed to me that in this second case also law might conflict with justice. Affected perhaps by some such ideas as these, I took upon me the responsibility of counsel and advised a settlement in the early stages of the case. The case was settled.

I never received another case. If I had been saddened by the first case, the solicitors who instructed me had been saddened by the second.

I received full enlightenment on that head in letters from my uncle. He wrote to ask what I meant by settling a case. I wrote him fully in reply, expounding principles of justice and equity, and pointing out how much more advantageous it was that men should achieve contentment by agreement.

My uncle replied something to the effect that justice was administered by Her Majesty's judges; that if they so decided a thing, then it must be just; and that I had no business to be setting myself up as an authority. Further, I had thrown away a case which had been expected to last for years, and it would be a precious long

time before I would get another at that rate. He had thought I was going to come to something, but he was afraid I was just a dreamy fool like my father, and would come to nothing. If I wanted to succeed at the bar, it was my business to fight, argue, wrangle, squabble, and generally protract and create litigation to the best of my ability. That was what I was there for, and what solicitors expected, and I'd better do as many a better man had done before me, and not quibble about justice. In any event, half the things in the world were unjust, and any improvements that I could make were not likely to put things much up or down.

In answer to all that, I wrote my uncle again, fully and somewhat indignantly, in reply.

He responded with a telegram. "Give it up."

About a year later I did give it up. I never got any more briefs. I suppose my settling of that case had got abroad, and nobody liked to employ a philosophical crank who was anxious to do justice.

Perhaps I was a little bitter in those days. I had meant well. Sometimes even I had had visions of becoming an eminent K.C., but apparently there was a kink somewhere. I remember that after my uncle's letter I went about for some time feeling as Aristides the Just may have felt after banishment. I was the one man in the community who was too just.

Well, well, I paid the price. I got no more cases. I am not sorry.

My uncle's telegram was the last I had from him, for he never communicated with me again. Through different sources I learned that he regarded me with derision as a species of failure.

I quite understood his attitude, but it raised not a quail in my breast,

and to-day I cherish not a vestige of ill-will to him. I do not know that I ever did. As my guardian he certainly acted well in money matters by conserving my small estate. But, in addition, he left me £50,000. One can forget something for that; all the more, in my case, since it enabled me to quit the bar.

My uncle's fortune amounted in all to about a quarter of a million. I believe I would have had the whole if I had become an eminent K.C. As it is, I am not discontented.

My uncle indicated his opinion of me in his will by the peculiar method in which he referred to me. He bequeathed "to the following objects"—first, a charity, then myself, then some other objects. That was just his derision to the last. I was an "object" of derision to him, for he could never understand any one who was not a keen business man.

I attended his funeral, and later I got a large ornate tombstone erected above his grave, with a suitable inscription on it—the sort of thing I am sure he would have liked.

CHAPTER II.

EVE AMONG THE BRANCHES.

Escaping from the bar, I became a traveller. Perhaps that is too imposing a word to describe my peregrinations, for I never explored anything more dangerous than the Giant's Causeway or the Catacombs at Rome. Rather I was a wanderer, flitting hither and thither in search of knowledge, or wisdom, or pleasure, or romance, or I know not what—perhaps a wife. Anyhow, I had money; I was not very old, and I wanted to see life.

It was in the course of my travels that I met the Pomanders. The occasion of the meeting was curious, and the event itself represented one of the exciting moments in my life. I had never done such a thing before. I do

not expect that I shall ever do such a thing again.

It was, in fact, a happy accident. To me there is nothing to wonder at in that, for most of the pleasant things in life have come to me by accident.

At the time I was travelling in the Highlands of Scotland. It was the summer-time, but there were not many people to be met in the district, for the days of popular travel were not yet come. I happened then to be alone, and I lived at a small hotel in a fishing district, and spent the days in fishing and hill-climbing.

It was while on a hill-climbing expedition that the event happened. To reach the hill which I intended to climb on that day it was necessary first to cover a considerable stretch of ground lying at the foot of the hills, and laid out in grass fields for pasture. Here and there in the fields there were belts of trees, and sometimes a solitary tree standing apart.

I noted these things in an absent way as I passed along. I was about three miles from a village. There was not a person in sight, while the day was perfectly still and the whole earth seemed to be at peace.

That was how the world appeared from one side of a rising ground which I was ascending. When I reached the top quite another scene met my gaze.

Before me was a field in which there were a number of cattle, all of which seemed to be excited, or expectant, or alarmed.

None of them were lying down, nor were they even standing in the usual state of sleepy bovine contentment. But they stood with their heads up, gathered, though not very closely, together. They were all gazing towards a tree not far from the side of the field.

Under that tree one of their number was snorting and ranging backwards and forwards, tossing his head and

horns. From time to time he would stand to lash his tail, and then again he would rush towards the tree. This apparently infuriated animal was not a full-grown bull, but what, I think, the dealers would call a "stirk."

The object of the beast's fury was quite evident.

The tree was neither a very high nor a very stout one, but it was serving as a refuge. On its lowest bough, about half-way out, a girl in a pink frock was clinging. The branch above had probably proved unattainable, and she had been compelled to crawl out and along the bough to avoid the stirk's horns, which were the very large horns of the Highland cattle. These horns, if they had been used scientifically, could quite well have reached the fork of the bough upon which the girl was clinging, but as the bough rose at an angle from the tree, they could scarcely reach her at the point where she clung.

Nevertheless her position was one of considerable danger, for the branch on which she was placed was not very thick, and was swaying considerably. She was possibly only maintaining her hold by means of the twigs and foliage on the bough, and even if she could continue to cling, there was no slight danger that the branch would break. The stirk's horns occasionally struck the branch lower down, and even where I stood I could hear the creaking of the timber.

Obviously something must be done. Apart from all other questions, the girl might faint. She might well do so, surrounded as she was by a herd of shaggy, savage-looking Highland cattle with horns which might inspire terror even in masculine hearts.

What was to be done?

It was a question I did not answer readily. I hope I am not a coward. But I have always been too much of a scholar to be really useful in times

of physical danger. I hesitated, because I doubted whether my intervention would be successful. What was I against so many? Of course, perhaps it was only the one beast which was enraged—quite enough—but the rest certainly did not look friendly.

I was glad that there was a four-foot wall between me and the problem.

I advanced to the wall and looked over it. My arrival was noticed by one and another of the cattle, and finally by all, and it created a diversion. They stared at me now, with sullen hostility.

I got on top of the wall. I had not the faintest idea what I was going to do. As I got on top a few of the animals came nearer to me, and I could see in their attitude a plain intimation of defiance. They were saying to me—"Come over if you dare." The beggars—they knew I was afraid to come over that wall. It certainly seemed probable to me that the whole herd of them would go for me if I did: my imagination was stimulated by the fact that I had heard stories of herdsmen being gored to death by these cattle.

I fear I was a coward. I hesitated abominably. And all the while I could see the girl with pale, scared face, looking towards me to help her. And there wasn't a house or a person to be seen within miles. With that curious inconsistency which I have sometimes noticed in moments of difficulty, I asked myself how in all the world she had come there, all alone like that.

And so I sat, shivering on the wall, until—she spoke. Just three words, in a weary pitiful voice. "Oh, help me!"

It was enough. Her words brought before me all my scholarly cowardice in all its shamefulness. What was the use of a college and a university education, and a classical training given that we too might imbibе the cour-

ageous spirit of the ancient Romans, what was the use of a trained mind and a trained will if I could not crush down this mere elementary feeling of fear? What had been the use of being taught to recite in childish years,

"How can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,"

if I could not advance against a few brute beasts?

Pah! I despised myself in that hour, and in my despal I prepared. Goring horns were not worse than goring bayonets, and whether I should succeed or not, were nothing. I should try.

With that resolution also came cunning. There must be something latent in all of us, I think, of our savage state when every man had to fight for his own hand and devise his own weapons.

I prepared with the best weapon I possessed. No ordinary hill-man would have possessed it. But I was but a scholarly hill-man—a man of the hills only in the summer-time, and even then a little afraid of getting damp in the mists.

My weapon was my umbrella.

I got it ready. Then I dropped over on the cattle side of the wall—my heart thumping heavily. None of the cattle moved, but the infuriated stirk turned towards me. It struck me that he was preparing for a rush, and I determined to get in my rush first. So I started at a trot and went straight at him with my shut umbrella held out before me. He stood as if amazed. About five yards from him I expanded the umbrella as rapidly as possible and kept charging on.

The result was marvellous. I suppose that that Highland stirk had never seen an umbrella opened before. Now that he did see it he was overwhelmed, and he fled ignominiously. And I, when I saw him flee, yelled like a man possessed. I was delirious, and

chased him, but in his haste he escaped far from me. Thereupon I turned and charged the whole herd, and they fled too. I suppose they thought that since their Goliath had bolted there was no use in their attempting to withstand the umbrella David. Whatever they thought, I howled and danced behind, and they careered away in utter rout—two score or more of shaggy horned bestial wallowing furious across the moor.

What a victory, and what a spectacle! A sober London barrister on a summer afternoon tearing across a field after a herd of bullocks.

Many a time I have laughed at the thought of it, and many a time since that day I have been chaffed about it by facetious friends. It seems ridiculous after the event, and yet it was dead earnest at the time.

Some of my friends—the arm-chair critics—have questioned my tactics in the struggle, but I am never apologetic on that score. It seems to me that the general who wins the battle has an effective answer to all criticism of his strategy. Let others suggest that I should have taken the bull by the horns, or got him on the flank, or drawn him off by the tail—all methods which kind critics have suggested—I will still defend the method of frontal attack.

In the hour of victory I almost forgot the occasion of it, but lack of breath and the unaccustomed exercise soon brought me to a pause, and then I remembered and returned to the lady in the tree.

I found her still clinging to the bough just as she had been when I first saw her. When I stood beneath her she looked down at me with eyes that were big with fright. She seemed to be afraid, or to be unable to move.

"You must come down quickly," I said.

She did not answer, but seemed as if trying to move. Her efforts, however, did not appear to avail anything, and she remained helpless.

I glanced anxiously across the field. I could see the cattle in the distance. They were reforming and turning again in our direction.

Her eyes followed my glance, and apparently she understood what I was thinking. Then she spoke. "I'm all stiff and cramped," she said. "I don't seem able to move."

There was no time to be lost in unnecessary ceremony, so I took the only course open. I am a fairly tall man, and she was only a few inches above me. "You'd better fall off," I said,—"and I'll catch you."

She took me at my word, and tumbled off the branch into my arms. She lay there an instant, and it flashed through my mind that she was a wonderfully light, soft creature. But there was no time to be lost. So I propped her on the ground, and giving her an arm escorted her to the wall at the edge of the field.

With some difficulty I got her over the wall. On the other side of it she lay on a grass bank, and I sat beside her.

For a time she lay quite still, and then, suddenly, she burst into a wild laugh and remained a few moments shaking with laughter. Apparently she was hysterical.

She calmed herself with an obvious effort, and then spoke very apologetically. "I'm so sorry to laugh," she said. "I'm so grateful for what you've done. You've perhaps saved my life, for if these cattle had got me they'd have killed me. I'm sure they would."

I scarcely heeded what she said. A compliment rose to my lips, for she was pretty. Something to the effect that even brute beasts would not harm one so sweet as she. But I let the compliment die unsaid, for it was too

unreal and her distress had been too great. I said nothing.

She continued. "But I'm all shaky, and I couldn't help laughing, because it was such a queer idea, and you did look so funny running with the umbrella."

It was my turn to laugh. And she was pleased that I was not offended, and laughed again quite heartily. Evidently she was recovering rapidly.

But what a thing to say at a time like that! Just like a woman! Even when I was saving her life, according to her own version of it she couldn't help seeing the funny side of things—and of me.

I think it was a singularly feminine proceeding, and also a proceeding very natural to one of the Pomanders—Eva Pomander.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAMILY.

I do not think I can pretend ever to have been much of a ladies' man, but yet as I sat beside Eva on the grass I could not help observing a few little things. I would have been a dull dolt indeed if I had not observed them.

One of these observations was that she was a very pretty brunette, and, though countrywise, yet very sweetly attired. Nor had her recent adventure greatly disturbed her in that respect. A ruffle here and there, with a slight tear in her skirt, was all that was left to indicate any struggle—much, perhaps, for a lady, and the tear perhaps ruinous to the skirt, but nothing to disturb a man's sense of the niceness of her.

She was slightly built, and in her flimsy summer dress gave me the impression of a gossamer being.

If there were few signs of disturbance in her dress, those in herself disappeared with even greater completeness and rapidity. It almost seemed as if she was a regular coquette, and

she was, I think, by no means displeased to play her charms on me. She did so by thoughtfully smoothing out little creases in her dress with little hands, glancing at me from time to time as she did so. It was quite a pretty entertainment considering the many ways in which she had to turn her head to see the creases, and to glance at me.

As she had recovered so quickly—although we had never met in our lives before—in a few minutes after the event we were talking and laughing together as if we had known each other for years. Apart from anything else, it was a remarkable tribute to the spirit of the girl that she recovered so rapidly.

After we had rested awhile it became necessary to rise. I had thought of offering my escort to her home, but she forestalled me and insisted that I should go there, not because she required an escort, but because I must be thanked by those who could do it without laughing. She said that with a pretty apologetic curtsy.

I would have avoided the thanks, but my curiosity urged me to see her home. So I went with her, not too reluctantly.

It appeared that her home was a farmhouse about two miles from the village where I lived. I had not seen it before, as it was hidden by a belt of trees.

As we tramped there Eva explained to me all about the cattle. They belonged to a breeder in the district, who bought large numbers at different times. She had heard that he had got a new herd of Highland cattle, but she was country-bred, and it had not occurred to her that they would chase her. But when she was half-way across the field they had come after her—the one especially—and she had just escaped by the tree.

Between explanations about the cat-

tle and talk about the country, it seemed but a very short time when we turned up a cart road, and the farmhouse came in sight.

It was a large square-built house, standing apart from the farm buildings. A considerable garden, surrounded by a hedge, was laid out in front of it. But the most outstanding feature was the roses. Right up and across the face of the house, circling the doorway, and clustering around the windows, there grew a splendid mass of red and pink and white roses.

The whole scene coming somewhat suddenly into view, struck the eye as one of beautiful peacefulness. The house and steading nestling among the trees seemed fitted to their place. They were no longer artificial erections, the mere work of man, but buildings whose sharp outlines had passed away under the softening hand of time, until at last the whole had come to seem a well-knit part of nature's scheme; they stood embedded among trees and foliage and roses—dwellings harmonious with the soil.

Above the house a few white pigeons flitted to and fro or preened themselves in the sunshine.

It was all so charming that I paused on a rising ground to gaze upon the scene.

"That is our home," she said softly.

I acquiesced in silence.

Shortly after, we resumed our walk, and passing through an archway of honeysuckle at the garden gate, entered the garden and came to the door of the house.

As we passed through the garden not a person was to be seen, and the only sounds were the occasional slight movements of birds, and the intermittent drowsy hum of a few bees.

At the door of the house Eva thought it necessary to explain. "I don't know where they've all gone to," she said.

"It doesn't matter," I answered amiably. "You alone are enough." Of course I hadn't seen the rest of the family at that time.

She smiled, blushed a little, excused herself and went inside, leaving me on the doorstep. I suppose she was afraid lest all the family were not out of bed, or some of them might be only in the preliminary stages, and an unexpected stranger might catch them wandering about the house in less attire than the usages of polite society permit. At least my experience of life leads me to suspect that reasons of that sort are generally at the bottom of such manoeuvres.

During the short period of waiting I moved out into the garden and sampled the gooseberries. Probably I was not visible in so doing, as I was partly hidden from the house by the shelter of an apple-tree. The presence of that solitary apple-tree and the whole surroundings of the place, joined with the beauty of the day and the soft-scented air, all tended to bring to mind the very obvious comparison with the garden of Eden. Here it was—the nineteenth century revised edition—located in the Highlands of Scotland.

So I mused.

But my musings were disturbed in the most surprising way. Eden it might be, but apparently all the old characteristics were to be found. Eve had been brought down to date too, for I heard her voice trilling from one of the top windows of the house—not Eva's voice, but some one else's—and she was singing in merry tones a little song which was not a song of innocence, but of worldly wisdom. It was a line of a song once well known—

"But alas and alack,
She came back
With a naughty little twinkle in her
eye."

To hear such a song from such a place disturbed me. It banished all

my dreams of Eden, but brought me back to life. And yet it only made this country house the more alluring. I must solve the mystery of the naughty, beautiful maiden.

But I had no time for further reflection, for the door opened again, and soon I was introduced to the family.

Apparently Eva had pitched my praises high, for I was surrounded by the whole of them and thanked and blessed and shaken by the hand in a way that is seldom done in London. These were the hand-shakes of people who meant it; people who were grateful, and who wished you to know it.

Before I had been with them five minutes they were insisting that I should stay with them a week or so (note the "or so.") And I—well, I was in a moderately comfortable country inn—but when I looked round upon the Pomander family, and on these domains, I simply had no heart to resist. I was persuaded.

Before I had been with them ten minutes they had me inside their house—into the cool atmosphere of a shaded dining-room—and they were insisting that the day was hot, and I must be tired, especially after my exertions, and hungry or thirsty, and I must have something of their best. Of course I was to stay to dinner too, and there was a difference of opinion what I should take meanwhile lest I should spoil my appetite. Eventually Mary brought me an iced custard with some cake, and a glass of country beer.

Then they would not hear of my going to the inn again. They knew the innkeeper, and the lad would take the gig and bring up my things. And he did, every one of them.

And so I became one of the family for a week or more.

What a family!

I do not believe they were the only family of that kind in the country at

that time. No. I think well enough of the country to believe that they were only a type of a species, or a genus, which flourished in many places in these days—days when the Highland welcome *did* exist; days when even a stranger might go to a farm and get a glass of milk for the asking, because he was thirsty and a fellow-man; days when wages might be small in cash, but were plentiful in kind and in kindness. I hope these days still exist. I wonder.

There were many things which, acting together, went to produce a family like the Pomanders. I found out their history later, but I may say a word about it now. They were born of the land, and Pomanders had been on Pomander Farm for generations. The name is peculiar, but they could not explain it. Possibly it arose through a distant connection with some Frenchman who had been in Scotland in one of the Jacobite undertakings. If it were so, it might also serve to explain the unusual chicness of the daughters, especially Eva.

Then they were all healthy—parents and children. Jock was exceptional in respect of being a trifle off his head, but that was due to an accident in his childhood.

Then they were numerous—eight in

(*To be continued.*)

the family—and that had made them good-natured. They had grown up, tumbling about, and fighting and laughing and howling together. There was no chance for any of them to become sulky. Any one who showed the least symptom of such a disgusting complaint would be immediately set upon and punched with hearty unanimity. Brothers pulled their little sisters' locks, and sisters slapped their little brothers' faces, and so they all acquired hardihood, and were happy. The noise of crying might be sometimes heard, but the sounds of laughter and merriment and childish glee were the predominant notes.

So they had come to be what they were when I came to them.

At that time there were only four children left at home. All the rest had gone to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and three had met with death in foreign lands.

There remained John Pomander and his wife, with Mary and Bessie, and Eva and Jock.

Mary was the tallest and stateliest, with hair that was black and ways that were gentle. Bessie was golden-haired and laughing, in a wistful way that took one's fancy; while Eva was brunette and—not too naughtily—coquette.

THE MEDIEVAL BOY.

It has long been my intention to write a book on the "English Kings that Might Have Been," the royal princes who, through their premature death or other causes, failed to ascend the throne which should in the ordinary course of events have fallen to their lot. The number of them is surprising, ranging from the Conqueror's eldest son, Robert of Normandy,—for the pre-

Conquest period is too complicated, its dynasties too evanescent, for treatment,—down to that unlucky cricketer Frederick, Prince of Wales, of whom, "since it was only Fred, there's no more to be said"; in spite of which fact he has not managed to escape the universal fate of a voluminous biography. Amongst these abortive kings are William, who perished in the

White Ship, and Stephen's two sons, that belligerent ruffian Eustace and his inoffensive brother William. Of William, the eldest son of Henry II., there would be little to say, and still less of that monarch's grandson William, whose stay on earth was confined to the limits of a week. Whether this same William's father, the popular star of chivalry, "the young King" Henry, should rank as a king that might have been, or as a king that was, is a nice problem; he was duly crowned, and given the title of king in his father's lifetime; but although to contemporaries he was Henry III., later writers have ignored his shadowy regality, and even in the thirteenth century there is only one chronicler who persists in describing the royal opponent of Simon de Montfort as Henry IV. While there were four Williams who failed to attain the throne, there were three Edwards—the Black Prince and the sons of Henry VI. and Richard III. Upon reflection, there were five Williams, if we count the little Duke of Gloucester, son to Queen Anne; what were the names of her other children, who, like their mother, were chiefly remarkable for being dead, I cannot remember. It is rather curious that we should never have been within measurable distance of having a king with the most English of all names, Thomas, though twice an Arthur stood in the direct line, and once an Alphonso.

This Alphonso, son of Edward I., was for me, as I suppose for most people, nothing but a name, until I chanced to come upon a record of his being given a present of a little gaily painted cross-bow. Somehow this little incident makes the boy much more real to the imagination than, say, the pious moralizings of Archbishop Peckham in his letter of condolence to the King on the occasion of the death of this "hope of the nation." Alphonso's

elder brother Henry was given a little cart, costing sevenpence, to play with, and also a model of a plough, which cost fourpence. Even allowing for the difference in the value and purchasing power of money at that time, the fourpence being equivalent to something like five shillings, the expense of the toys used in the royal nursery compares favorably with the cost of those expected by the ordinary modern child, as any Christmas-ridden father or conscientious uncle will admit. That the toys were strongly made we may well assume, but it is clear that they met with much the same treatment then as now, for it was not long before Prince Henry's cart was broken and required mending, at a cost of twopence. His mug also had to be repaired and regilded. As for what was put into the mug when it was mended, the accounts show that milk was bought for the prince and his sister, but there is also an entry of "ale bought on many occasions for the use of the children and their nurses." Henry being at this time in his sixth, which was also his last year, and his sister being some years older, it may be assumed that they took their share of that universal English beverage; but with the memory of immortal Salsbury Gump in our minds, we may be excused for thinking that most of it was for the benefit of the nurses, and stood about in tall substantial jugs on the medieval equivalent of the "chimbley piece," so that they might put their lips to it when they felt so disposed. If such a proceeding seems too undignified for those exalted ladies Dame Amice and Dame Cicely, the chief nurses, it may be held to apply to the humbler members of the royal nursery, the rockers, such as Alice de la Grave, who was given a pair of slippers, possibly because her own squeaked or made too much noise. To Alice, no doubt, fell the work of super-

intending the preparation of the bath on the rather rare occasions on which the royal children indulged in such a luxury. The bath appears to have been a quarterly affair, mention being made of its preparation on the eves of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday, and it entailed something of the elaboration of a ceremonial. That it was even as frequent as this outside the royal household may be doubted; nor did the Church consider that cleanliness had such kinship to godliness as to justify any endeavor to make the performance popular. At best the bath was to be tolerated for reasons of health, if we may accept the observances of the Austin Priory of Barnwell as evidence; for they lay down the rule that "a bath should be by no means refused to a body when compelled thereto by the needs of ill-health. Let it be taken without grumbling when ordered by a physician, so that, even though a brother be unwilling, that which ought to be done for health may be done at the order of him who is set over you. Should he wish for one, however, when not advantageous, his desire is not to be gratified." Prince Henry's Whitsun wash would seem to have been partly, if not entirely, medicinal, as a gallon of wine was bought for his bath; and a later entry of payments to a man seeking herbs throughout the neighborhood, and purchases of earthen pots for cooking the herbs, and of a "tancard" for carrying water into the chamber, suggest the making of such a "bathe medicinale" as that for which John Russell in the fifteenth century gives elaborate instructions. "Holyhokke and yardehok, peritory and the brown fenelle, walle wort, herbe John, Sentory, rybbewort and camamelle, hey howe, heyriff, herbe benet, bresewort and smallache, broke lempk, Scabiose, Bilgres, wild flax, wethy leves and grene otes," are

the strange and complicated ingredients recommended by Russell, and most or all of these, no doubt, having the traditional authority of Saxon leechdom behind them, were tried upon the young prince, but in vain. The boy seems to have been ailing for some time. His elder brother, John, had died in 1272, about the same time as his grandfather King Henry III, and Queen Eleanor, who was with her husband in France, had more than once written anxiously for news of the children's health. Shortly after his father's coronation, on which occasion he attended the banquet wearing a chaplet of roses and other flowers, young Henry fell seriously ill. Master Hugh of Evesham dosed him with "Letwar," "Diaboriginal," "Triasandal," and other mysterious concoctions; his appetite was tempted with larks, partridges, pears, and other delicacies, but to no effect. Then the aid of the saints was invoked; wax candles as tall as himself were sent to burn before the shrines of St. Thomas at Canterbury and St. Edward at Westminster, and also before the tomb of Henry III., as well as to the less famous altars of St. James at Reading, St. Fromund at Dunstaple, and St. Momartre outside Guildford; but the saints proved of as little avail as the doctors, and the boy died.

In the complete absence of statistics it is impossible to get any accurate idea of the infant mortality in medieval times, but some hint of its terrible nature can be gathered from the fact that five children of Henry III. died in infancy, as did four of Edward III., and no fewer than seven of Edward I. If the children of kings died off in this way the losses in humbler homes must have been great, even if we admit that the children of those parents who were too poor to employ the medieval medicine man had a better chance of surviving. If the possession

of a baby is a responsibility and a cause of anxiety to a modern mother, what must it have been in those days? The insecurity of infant life is one of the arguments advanced by a monastic writer in favor of the adoption of the holy and peaceful vocation of a nun. After dwelling upon certain obvious disadvantages of the married state, this upholder of the monastic ideal continues: "there cometh from the child thus born a wanting and a weeping that must about midnight make thee to waken. . . . And consider his late growing up and his slow thriving, and that thou must ever have an anxiety in looking for the time when the child will perish and bring on his mother sorrow upon sorrow." The logical futility of such arguments when addressed to a woman are proof enough that the writer was a man, and the first sentence which I have quoted suggests that he might himself once have been a married man, though perhaps he spoke only from the hearsay evidence of married friends; in any case it is also evidence that babies have not changed greatly during the past six or seven centuries. Boy nature, indeed, seems to have remained much the same ever since the days when the ungodly little ruffians mocked at the bald and irascible prophet. Young Lydgate, about the time that Richard II. came to the throne, "Ran into gardyns, applys ther I stal, To gadre frutys sparyd hedge nor wal, To plukke grapyss in othir mennys vynes Was moor reedy than for to say matynes, My lust was al to scorne folk and jape, To skoffe and mowe lyk a wantoun Ape."

Like the child in one of Stevenson's songs, and a good many other children,—including those whose tongues I can hear at the present moment still clacking, though they ought to have been asleep this hour or more,—

Lydgate was "Loth to ryse, lother to bedde at eve," regardless of the maxim of the good boy of a generation later,—

"Ryse you earely in the morning
For it hath propertyes three,
Holynesse, health and happy welth,
As my Father taught mee."

Lydgate was by no means the only boy who "hadde in custom to come to scole late, nat for to lerne but for a countenance with my felawys, reedy to debate, to jangle and jape." The same description would seem to have applied, a century later, to Robert Barbour and Robert Fayred, who with others "accompanied in a scole to lerne their grammer withinne the towne of Aylsham." They do not seem to have learnt "Howe to behave thy selfe in going by the streate and in the schoole," or at least they failed to follow its admirable precepts, which set forth how—

"When to the schole thou shalte resort,
This rule note well, I do thee exhort:
Thy master there beyng, salute with all reverence,
Declarynge thereby thy dutye and obedience;
Thy felowes salute in token of love,
Lest of inhumanitie they shall thee reprove.
Unto thy place appoynted for to syt,
Streight go thou to, and thy setchel unknyt,
Thy bokes take out, thy lesson then learne,
Humbly thy selfe behave and governe.
When from the schoole ye shall take your waye,
Orderly then go ye, twoo in aray,
Not runnyng on heapes as a swarme of bees,
As at this day every man it nowe sees;
Not usynge but refusynge such foolyshe toyes
As commonly are used in these dayes of boyes,
As hoopynge and halowyng as in huntynge the foxe,

That men it hearynge deryde them
with mockes."

Had the two young Robertis borne this advice in mind they would have spared themselves something worse than mockery, as it beeth that through their "negligent Japyng and disport in the seid scole" Robert Fayred received an injury of which, or at least so his friends surmised, he "in long tyme thereafter" died, "wherthorowghe, of grete malice contrary to all faith trowth and conscience," the unfortunate Barbour was thrown into prison. Naturally it was not often that school-boy pranks resulted so seriously; more often the punishment was brief and of short duration, though painful while it lasted. There were plenty of "tyrannical, impatient, hare-brained schoolmasters, *Ajaces flagelliferri*," who believed in forcing knowledge into their scholars "by the Grecian portico," and they were encouraged by such parents as Agnes Paston, who expressed the hope that if her son had not done well his master would "truly belash him till he will amend," and put her own precepts into practice by beating her daughter once or twice a-week, and even breaking her head. The parents of Lady Jane Grey expected her to do everything "even so perfittelle as God made the world," and if she failed to come up to their rather excessive standard, punished her "with pinches, nippes, and bobbes." Children in medieval England seemed to have run little risk of being spoilt through the sparing of the rod, which was kept pretty constantly before their eyes as a deterrent, and employed behind their backs as a corrector of wickedness. The Prioress of Nuneaton in 1460, being annoyed at the intrusions of impudent boys into the convent grounds, issued general orders to her tenants that they were all to whip their children, so that in future they should not trespass within the convent precincts.

Little use was it for the truant to protest or even to explain that he was late because his mother had sent him to milk the ducks!

"My master lokith as he were madde:
'Wher hast thou be, thou sory ladde?'
'Milked dukkis, my mo. her badde.'
Hit was no mervayle thow I were
sadde.

What avaylith it me thowgh I say
nay?"

Over the master's proceedings it would perhaps be kinder to draw a veil. Suffice it to say that it was not unnatural that the boy, sore at heart,—and not only at heart,—should give vent to his feelings:—

"I wold my master were an hare,
And all his bookis howndis were,
And I my self a joly hontere;
To biowe my horn I wold not spare!
For if he were dede I wold not care."

In these days of Montessori, when only a duke's son may be thrashed or an earl belted, and the whipping of a cook's son may lead to an action for assault, it would be rash to uphold the ancient belief that a rod "may make a chyld to lerne welle hys lesson and to be myld." Most men in these milder times incline more to the view of our duck-milking truant that "the byrchyn twyggis so sharpe" tend to make the scholar faint-hearted and to check his enthusiasm for learning, however fain he may be to become a clerk. There must have been many others than this "sory ladde" who found the attainment of the desired benefit of clergy "a strange werke"; for in those days, when the Church and the Schools were truly democratic institutions, when every cobbler's son and "beggeres brol" might become a prelate, when the butcher's son might rise to be Cardinal Archbishop and administer the affairs of the nation, when the son of a humble dependant of St. Alban's Abbey might attain the Apostolic throne and issue his orders to kings and emperors, there must have been a plenty

of incompetent and unfit candidates. In the fifteenth century we find one Nicholas Glover complaining that whereas he had entrusted his son to William Bokenham, chaplain to the Clerk of the Rolls, to educate, upon the death of Master Bokenham his executor refused to give up the young John Glover to become a man of Holy Church, but intended to make him a pedlar. It is not impossible that the executor had a clearer conception of the boy's capabilities than had his father, but he might at least have combined the two professions by making him either a "pardoner," hawking pardons "come from Rome alhot," or else a "chop-church," one of those priests who raised simony to a fine art and gained their living by its practice.

If Nicholas Glover was annoyed at his son being refused admittance to the ranks of the clergy, Thomas Taverner of Walsingham, about the same time, was equally annoyed because the prior of the Carmelites at Norwich insisted upon detaining his twelve-year-old son Alexander. There are a sufficient number of such complaints against the friars to show that they were not averse to recruiting their forces in this way, and that they were quite prepared "to take a fellow eight years old And make him swear to never kiss the girls." Their opportunities of so doing arose from the custom of entrusting children to members of religious orders for purposes of education. Although modern research has disproved the legend that in the Middle Ages all education was derived from the monks, it remains quite clear that boarders were taken and educated in many religious houses, often, no doubt, with a view to their becoming inmates, but not always. As early as 1260 John Agullon, shortly before his death, arranged that his son Godfrey should be boarded at the little Sussex priory of Shulbred for seven years and

educated to take orders of clergy; to pay for his cost a certain rent was assigned to the priory, on condition that at the end of the seven years they should either receive Godfrey as a canon in their house or else give up the rent. The prior, however, stuck to the rent and refused to receive Godfrey. It was not, however, always the laity who got the worst of the bargain. William Patynden of Benenden sent his three sons, John, William, and Thomas, to Combwell Priory "to be lerned and taught to rede and syng" by the canons, agreeing to pay eight pence a week for each of them for board and teaching. After they had been there about a year he died, owing £4, 19s., which Thomasyn his widow refused to pay, although he had left her "gret substaunce of moveables." Similar, but still worse, was the case of Laurence Knight, gentleman, who put his daughters, Joan aged ten and Elizabeth aged seven, to school at the nunnery of Cornworthy, agreeing to pay twenty pence a week for them. The nuns appear to have been singularly long-suffering in the matter of fees, as when he died five years later he had apparently paid nothing at all, for he owed £21, 13s. 4d., which his widow declined to pay.

Private tutors and governesses in some cases seem to have been employed in the houses of the greater nobles from early times, but the majority of those who possessed any book-lore—and their number was far larger than most people realize—obtained it elsewhere than in their own homes; either at the daily grammar schools, or more rarely at boarding-schools, monastic or otherwise, and in the case of the sons of the gentry and lesser nobility, in the houses of their patrons, secular or religious. Every bishop and every great lord had in his household a certain number of boys acquiring courtesy and the rudiments of learning. As

some modern writers have condemned the loss of home influence due to the custom of sending children to school when they are eight or nine, so the Italians in 1500 condemned the lack of affection shown by the English of the trading classes in putting their children out to strangers as apprentices at the early age of seven or eight. Whether it was due to lack of affection or not, it was certainly the fact that as the children of the middle class were sent away thus early to learn trades, so those of the upper class were sent to learn manners and all that is implied in the term courtesy. Nor can it be denied that they had much to learn, if we may judge from the various works and books of rules published for their instruction. From these same books and rhyming manuals of nurture, with their elaborate and comprehensive rules of conduct, a very good idea can be obtained both of the standard of behavior set up as an ideal, and also of the common slips and mistakes which the uninstructed child might be expected to make. Some of the advice given is as much for all time as anything that Shakespeare ever wrote.

"Make cleane your shoes, and combe your head,

And your clothes button or lace:
And see at no tyme you forget
To wash your hands and face."

Surely there will never come a time when these simple and excellent admonitions on the subject of getting up in the morning will seem old-fashioned or out of date, although the hour of rising has moved on from "syxe of the clocke, without delay." Buttons and laces will remain perennially averse to being done up, nor will it be within the power of any reasonable child *never* to forget the bothersome process of washing. On the other hand, it should not be necessary to warn the average boy who has attained an age sufficiently advanced to be acquainted

with the worthies of ancient Greece against copying one of the least pleasing habits of the most amiable and ugliest of the philosophers.

"Nor imitate with Socrates
To wipe thy snivelled nose
Upon thy cap, as he would doe,
Nor yet upon thy clothes."

Some of the instructions also for behavior at table should be superfluous in a well-conducted English household; I say English, for horrid memories of Continental hotels suggest that members of at least one great nation might well be taught in their youth some of the precepts of that good old Devonshire worthy, Hugh Rhodes; as for instance—

"Burnish no bones with your teeth,
For that is unseemly;
Rend not thy meate asunder,
For that swarves from curtesy.
Dip not thy meate in the Saltseller,
But take it with thy knyfe.
And sup not lowde of thy Pottage,
No tyme in all thy lyfe.
Defyle not thy lips with eating much,
As a Pigge eating draffe;
Eate softly and drinke mannerly,
Take heed you do not quaffe.
Scratche not thy head with thy fyngers
When thou arte at thy meate;
Nor spyte you over the table boorde;
See thou doest not this forget.
Pick not thy teeth with thy knyfe
Nor with thy fingers ende,
But take a stick, or some cleane thyng,
Then doe you not offende."

There are other directions, such as not to throw bones under the table, and various injunctions as to the cleansing of the fingers and the handling of meat, which are now superfluous, owing to the introduction of forks, of plates, instead of trenchers of bread or of wood, and of carpets which necessitate a certain decency and restraint not always observed in the days when floors were covered with rushes or straw. Also there are instructions for general behavior apart from table manners; for instance, not

to claw your head or back "a fleigh as thaughe ye sought," and if spoken to by a superior not to "lumpischli caste thine head a-down, but with a sad cheer loke him in the face," or, as Richard Weste puts it—

"Let forehead joyfull be and full,
It shewes a merry part,
And cheerefulnesse in countenance
And pleasantnesse of heart.
Nor wrinkled let thy countenance be
Still going to and fro:
For that belongs to hedge-hogs right,
They wallow even so."

Having borrowed an image from the hedgehog, whose cousin "the fretful porpentine" Shakespeare called in aid in a famous passage, good Master Weste protests against breathing heavily "like a broken-winded horse," and continues with a triple-zoological similitude—

"Nor practize snuffingly to speake,
For that doth imitate
The brutish Storke and Elephant,
Yea and the wralling cat."

The accuracy of the comparisons may be questioned, for in spite of the length of their noses it is hardly correct to speak of either the stork or the elephant as having snuffing voices. On the other hand the unpleasantness of the cat's voice must be admitted, even if we take a more charitable view of

Blackwood's Magazine.

its general character than did most medieval writers, one of whom writes as follows: "The mouse hounter or catte is an onclene beste that seeth sharpe and byteth sore and scratcheth right perylously and is a poyson enemy to all myse, and whan she hath gotten one she playeth therwith, but yet she eteth it. And ye catte hath longe here on her mouthe, and whan her heres be gone then hath she no boldnes, and she is gladli in a warme place, and she licketh her forefete and washeth therwith her face." No wonder, therefore, that it was forbidden at meal-times to stroke a cat or that other "onclenly beste" the dog, and that the last duty of the young gentleman-in-waiting when, in his office of chamberlain, he had seen his lord safely in bed and drawn the curtains round him, was to "dryve out dogge and catte, or els geve them a clout." Having performed this office with the same zest and skill with which earlier in the day he had laid the table, waited upon his lord and possibly taken part in the complicated ceremonies of carving and serving, the youthful student of courtesy might take his leave with a low bow—"and thus may ye have a thank and reward when that ever it falle."

L. F. Salzmänn.

FROM BEHIND THE FRONT.

The first thing to be said in a matter of this nature is to apologize for the unavoidable use of the word "I." Try as one may, it is impossible altogether to dispense with it in analyzing the net result of accumulated impressions. For any interpretation of things seen and felt, whether expressed in paint or stone or words, is bound to be affected by the angle of vision of the individual. In more normal matters, such as the rendering of a landscape, for instance, it is just this

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which makes the interest of a man's work—it is not the thing seen, but the way in which the painter has seen it which is of value. But, in vision as in every other thing in life, there is a point where the complete reversal of law takes place, and in the case of war it is the actual vision and not the angle of it which matters. Therefore, although the "I" must be used, it can be very much more of a cipher than is ordinarily possible.

When, a couple of months ago, I

went to Belgium, I carried this theory in greater rigidity, and was eager to prove that one of the chief benefits of war was that it practically eliminated the personal equation. Fortunately, having the advantage of complete ignorance instead of any half-knowledge, I let my mind be as unbiassed and open as is humanly possible—or so I flatter myself—and therefore, though with bitter regret, saw my theory blown to pieces as surely as though by a 42-centimetre gun.

This did not happen all at once, owing to the complexity of the Belgian mental condition. There is a great deal written about the wonderful heroism of this hybrid little nation, its self-sacrifice, stoicism, and unflinching valor, but the affair was really not nearly as simple as that. For many weeks I could see nothing but a mass of contradictions to which I could find no one key, though tormented all the time by the feeling that somewhere must be the secret spring which controlled the apparent intricacies. All that was possible for a long time was to go on piling up incident after incident, merely stating them, without favor and without attempt at classification.

The Belgian soldiers are undoubtedly brave to carelessness; I have seen them go into battle, and gone with them, when they were laughing as they went, but behind their laughter was desperate hatred and determination. Nevertheless, their discipline is poor and their organization not to be compared with that which makes of the German army such a formidable machine. Also the Belgians are apt to get panicky at the wrong moment, and to be courageous—with the same sort of courage which enables people to live on the slopes of a volcano—when it would be better if they displayed more dread. I was in Ghent when the Germans were supposed to be on the point

of arriving, and several thousand Guards Civiques threw their uniforms in the canal and were running about in pink and blue underclothing. Yet it is fairly certain that had the Germans made a peaceable entry, there would, at that time, have been a civilian to commit a folly—to fire or throw something, were it only a bucket of dirty water. One could hear responsible men, the shopkeepers of the town, declaring with pride that they would throw vitriol at the Germans in the streets, and apparently thinking it would be an action to be commended. An entirely false idea of the enemy was given in the Belgian Press (our own Press has reflected their attitude), and the little Boy Scouts would assure one that the Germans all fell on their knees and begged to be spared in battle. This largely accounted for the over-confidence of the people, which really, as I have said, was like nothing so much as the habit of mind of those who live on the slopes of an active volcano. It is always oneself who cannot be killed when the bullets are flying; it is always one's own town to which nothing can happen. Liège and Namur and Malines—the citizens of Ghent spoke of them as of some terrible dream, but it was only when disaster came as near as Termonde that it really took a grip on the imagination of the Gantois. And even then, while the fugitives were streaming through the town and the station was blocked with the panic-stricken, most of the bourgeois sat placidly, sure that the Germans could never come to Ghent—why they were sure of it, except on the theory I have suggested. That no one thinks harm can come too near home, I cannot imagine.

But, as time went on, a change came over the spirit of the people in West Flanders. Gradually it dawned on them that the Germans were advancing irresistibly; that the perpetual

taking and re-taking of ruined towns, always magnified into Belgian victories, was purely unimportant; and that the shuttling back and forth along the roads, skirmish after skirmish, with a few kilometres' advantage now to one side, now to the other, was really regulated at the discretion of the enemy—then it was that a deadly depression came over the non-combatants like a miasma. That was the terrible part of the war in Belgium—not the battles, when a certain excitement, and, much more, the necessity for continuous physical exertion, kept the soldiers' hearts up—but the depression that crept over the country till it was almost possible to think it tangible and visible. War is never dramatic, but it is intolerably miserable and sordid. The endless processions of homeless, wounded, broken people, the sight of ugly rust-colored bloodstains, the cries of children, the pitiful sight of starving dogs half-mad with amazement as they tear at the senseless and deserted doorways—these things, after weeks and weeks of them, eat into the soul. At first the horror carries a certain stimulus—it does not amount to a thrill, but it is absorbingly interesting—and then this satiety of sorrow settles down on the heart like a gray blight upon foliage. In all Flanders there were only three things that gave me a twinge of excitement—the first time I heard heavy firing; once when, high in the night sky, I saw a Zeppelin sliding past the stars; and the few times I was in a car with a military driver who gave the word for the day to the sentries. The first was rather awful, and yet had a smack of unreality because it sounded so exactly as one would have imagined it sounding; the second was awful and beautiful too, and unlike anything one could ever have thought of; and the third gave me a quite childish pleasure.

This running through the lines in a

car with the "word"—"Charles," or "Lierre," or "Peronne," or whatever simple word it happened to be from noon to noon—was one of the few things about the war which was at all like what one would have expected from the bellicose books of one's youth. This was especially so at night, when a light would flash across the road, the command to halt be shouted out, and the car would come to a stop, with a grinding of brakes, in the vague halo of brightness made by the sentry's lantern. Then, to lean forward and give the word behind one's hand, to hear the sentry's "*Bon!*" and to go whirling on, when less favored folk were held up for half-an-hour over papers, and then perhaps not allowed to pass—all this had the real cloak-and-dagger touch about it.

One of the real dangers in Belgium was being shot by one's own sentries, especially if they happened to be Guards Civiques, who often can't tell one end of a rifle from the other. Such as these invariably levelled their ancient weapons—muzzle-loaders of '48—at one's person before the car could possibly come to a stop; and once, when I had been lent a Consular car, the driver of which was an out-of-work music-master with the heart of a hare, the danger was augmented by the fact that at every challenge he took both hands off the wheel and held them above his head.

Still, all things considered, the Belgians of every class have behaved wonderfully well, and though often foolish—as when they committed the stupidity of mounting their gun against Zeppelins on the Cathedral at Antwerp, a mistake fortunately soon rectified—they seemed to me very free from vice. It has been rather a habit of thought, since the Congo, to call the Belgians a cruel race. I mixed intimately, under normal and abnormal circumstances, with every class during

the war in Flanders, and it seems to me nothing could be further from the truth. Their devotion to their pet animals is one of the best signs possible. There is always a bad element in the people of any nation which can be made use of, and this was the case in the Congo. But though I have, it is true, seen a Belgian Red Cross man commit the idiocy of having an automatic in his belt, I have proved them most humane in their treatment of German wounded.

The psychology of the invaders is at once more simple and more difficult to get at than that of the Belgians, for it has to be deduced largely from effects, owing to the inadvisability of attempting to obtain first-hand knowledge. It will readily be understood that the atrocity stories are very exaggerated. There is always, for instance, the story of the girl from Aerschot, who declared she had been assaulted by six successive Germans, but that she was quite unconscious all the time. . . . I investigated a good many atrocity tales, and found that, with the exception of two little girls of ten and eleven from Termonde who had been brutally tampered with—the stories had a way of melting into nothing. But of cases of ruthlessness and lack of humanity carried to the uttermost edge I found many. One of the favorite customs of the German Army on its victorious march through a town is to take away men and boys, or even women, to go in front of their bayonets. I knew a woman—one of many similar cases—in Ghent, who was a refugee from Termonde. Her husband had been ill in bed for several weeks, so they stayed for the German entry and hoped for the best. The commander took her husband, in shirt and trousers and slippers, and her only child, a boy of fifteen, and marched them away. Eighteen days later she had still had no word of them, and

very likely she never will. She was quite controlled as she talked to me, though the tears stood in her eyes, and she kept on referring to the boy as "the little one." "You must think me very silly," she apologized, "calling him the little one when he is fifteen, but when there is only the one it is always the 'little one,' is it not?" It was the most pathetic thing I ever remember to have heard, because it was so simple and direct.

It is to be feared that if the Belgians ever get into Germany reprisals will be terrible. I was sitting one night in the hall of a little hotel in Ghent when some Belgian soldiers who had been drinking there passed through on their way out. The man to whom I was talking—a town councillor and a quiet and level-headed person—interrupted himself to call after them: "Boys, there's one thing I have to say to you. When you get into Germany mind you pay back on their women all the kisses the *sales cochons* have given ours." They shouted their agreement and went out into the night, and I made a perfectly futile remonstrance to the man beside me.

"They deserve it, the brutes," he replied.

"But their women don't. They're as innocent as yours. It isn't their fault," I said.

"Yes, it is," he said. "They bred the men."

And there is some truth in that.

Over here in England I find there are, roughly speaking, two points of view about the truth of the "atrocity stories." One is that of the ordinary person who believes everything bad he hears about the enemy, especially if it be in print; the other is the more subtle one of him who likes to err if anything on the side of over-fairness. This latter type declares that the Germans have done nothing which has not been done by any army all the world

over, and that is largely true. Rape is a common occurrence in war, and it would be well if civilized nations followed the example of certain savage tribes which always sent their women-kind over to a position behind the enemy, so that each stood as hostages for the other—a condition invariably respected by these aborigines. When it comes to the more serious question of cruelties there is no doubt that the Prussians have a stronger fibre of brutality in them than other nations, for their civilization is founded on it, though which is the cause and which is the effect I am too ignorant to say. But I have seen the results myself in West Flanders, and though greatly exaggerated, some atrocities, and a practically unlimited amount of brutal ruthlessness—a ruthlessness which, after all, is merely the war-idea carried to its logical conclusion—have undoubtedly taken place. But it should not be forgotten, even in the case of the worst atrocities, that these things are less unpardonable when committed in time of war than a murder or mutilation is in times of peace. All lusts—blood-lust, the madness for destruction, for looting, any of these or others have, if deeply enough touched, a common spring. Touch one, and automatically the rest are set in motion. Several people have asked me if the discipline of the German Army is not wonderful, and when I reply that it is, they object that men so perfectly disciplined would never run amok so readily. The incorrectness of this can be seen at once—it is the very rigidity of the discipline which is accountable; if the tightness of the ruling hand deliberately slacken, the escaping units go to extremes from pure reaction. Also there is always the instinct which, when a schoolboy is bullied by a senior, makes him take it out in his turn by bullying those smaller than himself. To this extent, then, the Prussian of-

ficers are responsible for the excesses of their men; for that they can keep them in hand if they wish is shown by the splendid restraint of the army now in possession at Antwerp. It is the excellence of the German behavior in Brussels and Antwerp which is one of the strongest arguments for the deliberateness of the excesses elsewhere.

In touching on the point of view of the correspondent, I find the personal equation is bound to enter again; for, under the conditions which existed in Belgium, with the Germans considering a journalist must be a spy, the Belgians also prone to arrest, and the English authorities eager to suppress as much as possible anything a newspaper man contrived to learn, to "get through" was a matter of luck, and luck after all is a very personal affair. I know the whole time was gloomy enough—the weeks of waiting in dark third-rate little hotels, the ceaseless efforts to arrive where anything was happening, the failure to do so, or, as often happened if one succeeded, the discovery that the rumor of action had been false and that not a German had been within miles; the cold rain, the never-ending processions of sick and wounded and homeless, the gloom and sordidness of the whole affair—these, far more than the occasional success of something seen and work done, went to make up life for the correspondent. As to "war from the woman's standpoint" which I had been told to write, I found that there is no woman's point of view in war. War is war, that is all. There are two respects in which, mentally, it is worse for a woman. One is the peculiar danger already referred to which a woman incurs, and of which the thought strikes with a deadly terror at the mind, and the other is the old accepted part of waiting—and waiting without news. As to the former, all women should be cleared out of a coun-

try before war, and the dread so handicaps a woman-correspondent that the only solution is there should be no such creature. For the latter case there is no remedy, and the solace of recognition of its agony is the only palliative. It is an old truism, but I for one never had sufficient imagination to realize it until I saw for myself that waiting is the harder part. There could be no worse hell than an eternity of hope.

No mention of the conditions in Flanders, of either the Belgians, the Germans, or the English, would be adequate without a protest at the way in which accurate knowledge, when obtained, is not allowed to be given out. The anachronism of the present system of censorship lies in the very fact that so many difficulties are put in the way of the correspondent at the front. Either there should be a strict censorship at home, but the newspaper men be permitted at least to get the news even though its publication at the time be forbidden; or there should be no censorship and no correspondents. But as present arrangements stand, the English papers are full of untrue estimates of the strongest foe we have ever had to encounter, and of snappy paragraphs about "Tommy having tea in the trenches," and how he thinks it better than a "— picnic." The German soldier has none of that; he just thinks it a war. Of the relative value of those two points of view it is too soon to speak—this is really a struggle between methods—between a systematic system and an unsystematic system, and the ultimate answer is bound to be either for the former and the Germans or the latter and the English. But at present the fact remains that this war, which is unlike any other there has ever been, is being so wrapped up in lies that its significance is hidden. It is a war not so much of men as of machinery, and, more especially, a war of four things—of

automobiles, of air-craft, of submarines, and of big guns. A good deal was written over here on the subject of Antwerp being impregnable. In modern warfare no position is impregnable unless it is fortified by guns of at least equal range and dimensions to those of the attacking force. To put men armed with machine guns and rifles in roofless trenches to fight against shrapnel and 42-centimetre guns is to sacrifice them uselessly. The German method of advancing the men in close formation may mean ghastly losses—but they get there. They have got there, all through Belgium, and every day in Antwerp those last eight days we heard the heavy firing coming nearer and saw the flames brighter in the sky, and the streams of wounded men, women, and children growing bigger; and the English papers came in day by day saying the Germans were being repulsed with heavy losses in their ranks. The feeling of the Belgians is not unnaturally rather bitter; they feel they have been allowed to go under, and they blame, not the English, but the French, who had, they declare, an opportunity to throw their army over the northern border at the beginning of the war, but who let the idea of Alsace and Lorraine prove too much for them. The arrival of the few thousand British on the Saturday and Sunday, who were sent chiefly to tighten up the Belgian *moral*, produced wild enthusiasm, and Antwerp for a day or so thought herself saved. The fate of these brave, ill-equipped, untrained English we in Antwerp knew by Tuesday, and knew, too, that the result of their action was to be the shelling of the town itself, which otherwise would have been surrendered when the King and the army had withdrawn. If it be objected that to surrender Antwerp would have been a cowardly proceeding, the answer is that it was unavoidable. The big guns

had won. What I watched these past two months was the slow but certain strangling of a nation, and it is Belgium which, win or lose, must remain

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the tragedy of this war. All of Belgium has been strangled—except her spirit.

F. Tennyson Jesse.

LIGHT MARCHING ORDER.

I.

Dick Chetwynd, said his brother officers, was in danger of becoming a crank.

But they did not say it in his hearing; for the simple reason that the danger sprang from his superhuman zeal for the welfare of the Regiment; and Dick—though good-tempered and of a lively humor—was a red man, apt to emit sparks on provocation. Moreover, to quarrel with his zeal were to impugn their own; and the Invincibles, collectively and severally, worshipped the Regiment, swore by the Regiment—the whole Regiment and nothing but the Regiment. The trouble with Dick was that, in addition to worshipping and swearing, he persistently worked himself off his legs in the service of the most exacting fetish on earth.

And the Colonel encouraged him. The Colonel, as the saying is, had his head screwed on the right way. His own zeal—though unimpeachable—was not of the practical variety. Wherefore, he had chosen for Adjutant the man who could best be relied on to keep his corps up to the mark with a minimum of supervision, who would, in fact, enable Colonel Fullerton Franks to live his own life untroubled by any irksome sense of neglecting his duty.

The Invincibles had been but a year in India and were still in the stage of accommodating themselves to the tyranny of insects, dust, and personalities; to a sense of exile, far more acute in the 'seventies, when India was

not the playground of the tourist and the Member of Parliament "out" for theories. Not an officer among them, except the Senior Major, had seen a day's service. Their most arduous battles had been fought in the wilds of Hampshire and Wiltshire; and Dick Chetwynd, for one, found nothing to quarrel with in a land that promised him unlimited sport, and a reasonable chance of something better than playing at soldiers. He blessed the Fate that had sent them to a northerly station; and now, at the end of his first year, gloried openly—not without justification—in the condition of his men. The whole corps was "fit as a fiddle"; supple to handle; a complex instrument in perfect working order.

There remained but one more good to pray for—active service. Nor was it long before the Amir of Afghanistan and a Viceroy of the "forward" school conspired between them to grant him the boon he craved.

The said Viceroy had lately arrived, with a new policy in his pocket; a policy little likely to make for peace, as the sequel proved. Perturbed by Russian activity in Central Asia, His Excellency at Simla had graciously proposed to establish a British Resident at the Afghan capital. His Highness at Kabul—"after compliments"—had repudiated the proposal, without thanks; and again—as in 1837—the crisis had been precipitated by the appearance of a rival Envoy on the scene.

Shortly before the Invincibles landed

at Bombay, his Excellency's ultimatum had been issued, and three invading columns despatched along the three main routes into Afghanistan. The spell of decades had been broken; the masterly inactivity of the great John Lawrence discarded, for better—or worse.

Throughout that eventful winter Chetwynd had followed, eagerly, enviously, every detail of those brilliant operations in the Kuram Valley that established the reputation of one of India's finest soldiers and resulted in a British Resident being once more thrust upon a stiff-necked people at the point of the bayonet.

These things came to pass in June; and in July the chosen Resident, with three fellow-countrymen and a handful of guides for escort, betook himself to the Bala Hissar, the old gray fortress that towers above Kabul City.

The British troops retired within their own borders, but did not altogether disperse. At Peshawar and in the Kuram Valley they crouched vigilant, like cats watching a half-stunned mouse. For at Kabul there was small show of friendship, and men had not quite forgotten '42.

The Invincibles, meantime—mere flies on the wheel of an empire's destiny—had settled down to face their first hot weather, mitigated by the boon of two months' leave. Chetwynd—fearfully and wonderfully mottled with prickly heat and mosquito bites—abated not a jot of his cold weather energy; but the irritability of his temper matched that of his skin, and his thirst was as the thirst of Thor when, at one draught, he diminished the waters of the sea.

India is well named the "land of ameliorations": and throughout those first months of fiery initiation the livableness of life depended largely on the output of the regimental ice-pit and soda-water machine. Thanks to these

and a few other mercies, the Invincibles came smiling through the worst that a Punjab "hot weather" can do, and hailed the first of September as "the beginning of the end."

"Partridge shooting to-day in the old country," groaned the Senior Major. "Why the devil did I ever desert England for this poisonous peninsula?"

"Give it half a chance, Major," quoth Chetwynd, whose optimism was anathema to the Man of Grievances. "I'll wager you find better sport than partridge shooting round here once the cold weather comes."

He spoke more truly than he knew. Before September was a week old, there fell upon India, like a thunderbolt, the black news that those four Englishmen at Kabul, with their escort of seventy Guides, had been wiped out to a man.

The patched-up peace had lasted a bare three months. A half-mutinous band of soldiers, clamoring for arrears of pay, had fired the train and set all Kabul in a blaze.

The British Residency—attacked desultorily at first by the malcontents—was soon in a desperate state of siege. From eight in the morning till dusk, that little band of dauntless men and officers had held their own against thousands; while the prince, who had guaranteed their safety and honorable treatment, sent answer to their appeals for aid—"As God wills, I am making preparation."

By sunset there were neither Guides nor Englishmen in Kabul any more; but heaped around them lay six hundred dead and dying—fruits of a defeat more glorious than victory.

Thus for the second time of asking did Afghanistan scrawl upon the page of history her savage declaration of independence in letters of blood and fire. His Highness at Kabul had scored a point in characteristic fash-

ion; but the privilege of the last word was not to be his.

Before sunset, on the very day that dread news reached Simla, the plan of campaign had been fixed, and the leadership conferred on the hero of the Kuram Valley operations—one whose name was to be as imperishably linked with Afghanistan as the names of Pollock and Nott.

Next day every Mess in the Punjab was abuzz with excitement; and when brigade orders appeared in a certain northerly station, Dick Chetwynd of the Queen's Invincibles knew that his hour had come.

There was no happier man in India that morning than this dapper, red-headed Adjutant, whose prayer had been answered, and whose faith in his corps stood scarcely second to his faith in God.

The troops were to move north immediately in light marching order, forty pounds to a man. Chetwynd's hands were full and his heart jubilant as the heart of a schoolboy on the last day of "term." As a matter of course, all practical arrangements would be pretty well left in his hands. But he had yet to reckon with the idiosyncrasies of the "great F.F.," whose readiness to die for his country did not include an equal readiness to forego, for an indefinite period, the one supreme amelioration that made life worth living.

His marching orders to his invaluable Adjutant were brief and explicit.

"The General has cut things down pretty fine," said he. "But of course the soda-water machine goes with the Regiment."

Now a soda-water machine of the 'seventies was, in the matter of size and bulk, first cousin to a grand piano; and Chetwynd gasped audibly.

"I—I beg your pardon, sir?" he stammered, desperately hoping he had not heard aright.

"I said—we take the soda-water machine," Franks repeated with deliberate emphasis. "Fighting's thirsty work, I believe, and I can't stomach whisky and water. Never could."

Still Chetwynd hesitated. "D'you really think we can manage it, sir?" he ventured; but a choleric spark flashed in the Colonel's eye.

"Damn it all, man, that's your affair. My officers don't question orders. They obey them. You pride yourself on being a man of resource. Here's a first-rate chance to prove it."

With which doubtful consolation he departed; and Dick, with an audible groan, set his elbows on the table, and gripped his head in his hands.

"Light marching order—with a trifle of a grand piano thrown in! Good God! It's a farce and a tragedy rolled into one!"

Then the sheer humor of the thing smote him and he laughed aloud—laughed and laughed, there alone in the empty room, till the tears ran down his face.

Chetwynd came of Irish stock on his mother's side. He was not the man to make a mountain out of a soda-water machine. Besides, the Colonel's last remark had put him on his mettle. By some means he must contrive that the "great F.F." should enjoy his full complement of "pegs" in the wilds of Afghanistan without imperilling the credit of the Regiment. Very well. It should be done.

He went about his work that morning brisk and alert as ever. No one dreamed that a grand piano was, so to speak, sitting on his chest: that while one half of his brain worked mechanically in its appointed grooves, the other half was engaged in distributing and redistributing its countless sections; in working out reductions, possible and impossible, to keep the balance true.

The result proved successful beyond

his wildest hopes; and on the appointed day, the Queen's Invincibles left the station in light marching order—as the General had decreed. No flagrant superfluity of baggage could be detected in the transport column; nor did even the men themselves know that each several load contained its own appointed section of the amelioration requisitioned by the Colonel who could not fight on whisky and water.

II.

A week later found them encamped, with the whole Kabul Field Force, on three great plateaux, overlooking the Kuram valley—metaphorically, within a stone's throw of Afghanistan. An autumn nip in the air, and splashes of autumn gold on the wooded heights, spoke feelingly of Home; an illusion dispelled by the ordered mass of service tents, by scores and hundreds of tethered animals, audibly impatient for their evening meal, by the clatter and hum of six thousand armed men settling down for the night.

The intervening days had been filled with heat and thirst and flies innumerable; with the noise and dust of their incessant going; for the great, little man they followed was not of those who let grass grow under foot while they scratch their heads and consider the next move.

Only by making a clean sweep of the whole Peshawar district had he solved the crucial problem of transport and supplies. Even so, he was seriously hampered by shortage of carriage-cattle, and there were moments when Chetwynd marvelled blankly what would become of him should the General stumble on the discovery of that superfluous four camels' load cunningly dispersed throughout the baggage of a crack British Regiment.

So far it had remained tucked away in the depths while the Colonel drank

whisky and water to the betterment of his soul and the distraction of his palate. But at any moment the cat—in the guise of a soda-water machine—might be out of the bag; and Chetwynd asked himself—what then?

The question, it seemed, was superfluous; and as day followed day without mishap or revelation, he almost forgot to be anxious at all.

At last came the long-delayed order to move on by detachments through the defile of a Thousand Trees, and up the Shutargurdan—the pass of the Camel's Neck—already occupied by troops who had wintered at Kuram.

Dick Chetwynd had read of Afghanistan's grim defiles in the tale of '42. Now he saw for himself the snow-fed torrent, the naked rocks of dusky red sandstone, chiselled here into obelisks and pillars, there into dragon's teeth prophetic of the immemorial welcome in store for the intruder who defies their silent challenge. Though the defile itself was more open than most of its kind, an eerie spirit of melancholy seemed to brood over the place. Clouds hung low and gray, blotting out all view of the higher hills. Scarcely a bird was to be seen; and there, where the Thousand Trees had once clothed the barren heights, remained only a dismal array of pine-stumps—dry bones of a departed glory.

It was a long day's march; the roughest they had yet experienced. But the zeal and energy of their leader infected all ranks; and soon after dark the whole detachment had reached the plateau on the summit of the pass. Dead beat, every man of them, their imperative need was for food and sleep; but an entire camp must be pitched before they could come at either; and the Invincibles had grown skilled, by now, in the magic of transforming shapeless bundles, at lightning speed, into a city of tents, the smallest imaginable, with

bedding rolls and Spartan accessories to match.

Fullerton Franks, strolling through the camp in search of his Adjutant, found him near the Mess tent that was being briskly hauled and hammered into position.

"I've asked the Chief and his Staff to dine with us to-night," he announced with unofficial geniality. "Just cast a critical eye on the menu—will you?—and see that everything's up to the mark. Wish to God we could include 'pegs' in the programme!"

The small man looked up at him with a twinkle of amused understanding.

"All in good time, sir!" said he; and straightway departed on his errand.

He found Nur Bux, Knight Commander of the Brick Oven, squatting among his cooking-pots, his menu planned to the last item: a dinner of six courses—he recited them proudly in a mixture of Hindustani and mangled French—fit for the *Burra Lát* himself!

And he was as good as his word.

A native cook worth his salt may be trusted to conjure a creditable meal from a pair of old boots, a tin of sardines, and a trifle of Worcester sauce—that, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins. But Nur Bux had material rather more promising at his command; and the men who sat down that night to eat of his good things were more hungry than critical.

Chetwynd found himself next to the Chief's A.D.C.; and their talk, like that of the rest, veered from present vicissitudes to future possibilities.

"It's my belief," quoth the Aide, "that the Amir Sahib is a proper skunk, and that we shall be detained up in these parts a jolly sight longer than we think for, which will make devotees of the flesh-pots very sick. Camp fare's good enough while there's

fighting and marching on hand. But when it comes to marking time—" He paused and regarded the Adjutant of the Invincibles with an unmistakable gleam in his eye. "By the way, Chetwynd—talking of flesh-pots, what price whisky pegs at Kabul, eh?"

For one bewildering moment, Chetwynd was taken off his guard. But no start betrayed him; and his alert brain was equal to the occasion.

"Pegs at Kabul?" he echoed, raising innocent brows. "Never knew *they* were reckoned among the indigenous fruits of the land."

"They're not, worse luck. But there's a rumor in the air that we may hope for soda-water to enliven our whisky—if we make ourselves pleasant to a certain Regiment!"

Chetwynd—going alternately hot and cold—shrugged his shoulders with admirable unconcern. "Hanged if I know what you're driving at!" he said, with a short laugh; and the Aide, leaning closer, spoke under his breath.

"Truth is, my dear chap, your baggage is marked 'suspicious.'"

Dick was master of himself by this time. "What's wrong with our baggage?" he demanded, a note of challenge in his voice.

"That's precisely what the Chief wants to know! He's got wind from Simla that you've smuggled a soda-water machine in with your legitimate traps, and he's fairly fuming—says he'll hold a drastic inspection of your transport department to-morrow morning."

Chetwynd drew in his lower lip.

"A pity the General should put himself to unnecessary trouble," he remarked coolly. "But that's his own lookout. Thanks for letting me know."

And without giving his neighbor a chance to press the point, he quietly but decisively changed the subject.

The rest of dinner was pure

purgatory for the man who knew that unless that thrice-accursed machine could, by some miracle, be spirited off the pass before dawn, the Regiment he served and worshipped would be made the laughing-stock of the force. The thrice-accursed must be a good four camels' load if it was an ounce; and how the deuce could a hapless Adjutant, perched on a barren ridge, beg, borrow, or steal four camels at a few hours' notice in the dead of night, to say nothing of smuggling them past the pickets of "Bobs Bahadur"?

It was a crazy situation; but Dick was in no mood to relish the humor of it just then. Impatience consumed him. Would these men never cease their chattering that he might escape and think to some purpose?

A lull in the hubbub of voices promised release at last; and upon the first plausible pretext he made his escape, while the source of his dilemma sat yarning and smoking with the General in superb unconsciousness of the game afoot.

The first whiff of night air, keen and crisp, cleared his distracted brain. There must certainly be a village within reasonable distance; and his very good friend, the regimental Munshi, could be trusted to raise camels from the vasty deep if the credit of the *pultan*¹ required it of him.

But for once, Karim Bux, the resourceful, could only wag his beard. The Colonel Sahib was great and Chetwynd Sahib was his father and mother; but would he be pleased to consider the fact that camels did not grow wild upon the hills of this God-forsaken country; that the night was black as hell; the path to the village a mere goat track and the head man probably a *badmish* who would sooner cut the throat of one Karim Bux than provide cattle for an infidel Feringhi.

The Sahib, it appeared, had already

considered these things; but they were as nothing to the urgency of his need.

"And among soldiers, as you very well know," said he, "an order is an order. The good name of the *pultan* hangs upon the departure of those camels by midnight. That is to say, they must be outside my tent within two hours; or, by the God who made us both, there will be a Munshi's funeral to-morrow!"

Karim Bux salaamed to the ground. "Of what avail to use bit and bridle upon the north wind? The Sahib hath spoken. If I return empty-handed, your Honor may take the head of Karim Bux off his shoulders. *Bismillah!*"

"And if you achieve this thing your services shall not be forgotten. Now go—and God speed you!"

Thus encouraged, he went without more ado, still wagging his beard; and Chetwynd hurried off to interview the Quartermaster. His part it was to make sure that not a single section was overlooked, and that the loads, securely packed, be ready within an hour. That done, Dick returned to his Kabul tent and flung himself on his *resai* to await the issue.

Tired though he was, his brain was too active for sleep. He heard his brother officers laughing and talking as they strolled back from Mess. Thereafter silence—but for the restless shifting of picketed horses, the tread of sentries, the hacking cough of some luckless man from the plains, who was not appreciating the Afghan climate. He consulted his watch every ten minutes or so in the conviction that at least half an hour had elapsed.

Sounds grew fainter, and his thoughts had begun to ramble incoherently, when he was startled wide awake by a sonorous murmur between the tent-flaps.

"*Hazâr*, we are here—I and the required camels. We await the pleasure of the Sahib."

¹ Regiment.

Pleasure was a mild word for the sensations of that Sahib, as he sprang to his feet and charged through the flaps into the Munshi's arms. Yes, the camels were there. The unmistakable smell of them was sweeter to his nostrils just then than attar of roses; and he never again smelt camel without a vivid recollection of that moment.

Thereafter, all was swift and silent action. While their loads were being lashed into position, Dick had a private interview with the driver, whose doubts evaporated at sight of good rupees—a hundred and fifty, cash down, plus a written promise of a hundred and fifty more to be paid when the precious freight should be delivered to Chetwynd intact. The driver, gloating inwardly, was fain to admit that the Sahib offered fair payment. At the house of his cousin, a copper-smith in Kabul City, he would await the Sahib's further instructions, and pray for his welfare in this world and the next.

The Sahib's sole concern, just then, was for the welfare of those camels miraculously delivered into his hands. Karim Bux would manipulate them through the pickets, and *Inshallah*, all would be well!

On the stroke of midnight, Chetwynd stood alone outside his tent.

Camels, driver, and munshi had been swallowed up by darkness. The incubus of weeks was gone, the credit of the Regiment secure. Once again he flung himself down; slept like the dead till *reveillè*; and awoke to the blessed realization that a grand piano was no longer sitting on his chest.

Undismayed, he received the order for baggage inspection; undismayed he watched the disembowelling of load after load, secure in the knowledge that the lynx-eyed General would discover no ghost of a non-regulation item in their depths.

Fullerton Franks, still blandly innocent of suspicion in the air, had merely remarked in passing, "No fear, I suppose, of those sections coming to light?"

"No fear at all, sir, I've got 'em up my sleeve!" had been Chetwynd's answer—and, for Franks, it was enough.

Leisurely and thoroughly the inspection progressed. Blank, and still more blank, was the amazement of the General as it dawned on him that the unimpeachable authority at Simla must have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. And because he was a true soldier his amazement was not untinged with relief.

Mule by mule the transport animals were reloaded. In the circumstances nothing could be done; and Dick Chetwynd, bogey-ridden no longer, could throw himself whole-heartedly into the stirring campaign ahead.

III.

Stirring and successful enough it proved to satisfy the most insatiable seeker after action and glory.

Within a week a mere detachment of their modest force, under its wise, daring little chief, had met and routed the flower of the Afghan Army, captured all the guns brought out against them, and swooped down on Kabul in masterly style. Though their numbers were insignificant, every regiment among them, British and Indian, came of fighting stock and they swore by their leader as one man. No empty tribute, but a faith born from knowledge of his works and ways. Thanks to his skill and untiring energy, they found themselves—five weeks after the outrage at Kabul—encamped under the lee of her high citadel, virtually masters of the situation.

The formidable Afghan Army—having found the invaders' method of fighting little to its taste—had straightway blown up its magazine and

deserted the fortified cantonment on the plain. Therein—after drastic cleansings and fumigation—the British troops entrenched themselves, and there followed a great unpacking. Regimental Messes were established—and Colonel Fullerton Franks be-thought him of his long-delayed whisky peg!

Not till then did Chetwynd tell the tale of those unauthorized midnight proceedings on the Shutarguridan Pass; and the delighted Colonel clapped him on the shoulder.

"Here's your three hundred," said he, "and welcome! You're sure it's all safe in the City?"

Yes, it was all safe. Dick had disembowelled every load before the second hundred and fifty was paid. He had also managed to strike up an acquaintance with a friendly Afghan Sirdar, Hasan Khan, who would let their treasure be set up in a back courtyard of his own house, if he were allowed a share of the 'sparkling water.'

"It'll prove a sound working scheme, I think, sir," Dick concluded, with a glow of justifiable pride. "We discover—or, rather our Munshi discovers—by a blessed chance, that soda-water grows in Kabul City. We can quite well supply the hospital, to say nothing of the General and his Staff! Rather a joke making the Chief accessory after the fact, so to speak, in spite of himself!"

At that the Colonel laughed aloud. "Upon my soul, young man, for sheer audacity you take the cake! Make any arrangements you please. I don't care a damn so long as I get my 'peg' again. Strikes me, I've blossomed out as a public benefactor! Rather a happy notion of mine bringing that machine along; though you must admit you didn't think so at the time."

"No, sir, I didn't," Chetwynd confessed, smiling discreetly; and with-

drew to crown his audacity by an arrangement—via the faithful Karim Bux—to supply Sherpur Cantonment with soda-water at very little more than canteen rates.

The working scheme proved as sound as heart could wish, for that drastic inspection on the pass had quite set the General's mind at rest. So much the better for Dick and his Colonel. So much the better for sick and wounded men in hospital. So much the better for the Chief himself, who enjoyed his "peg" as much as any officer of the force and earned it more strenuously than most.

He was not the man to be put off his guard by the deceptive quiet of those peaceful autumn days. Well he knew that, in Afghanistan, the end of the harvest is the time of times for warfare on the slightest pretext. Well he knew, also, that he and his little force stood practically alone—hemmed in by hills that would soon be impassable till the spring. And knowing these things, he energized the more vigorously to complete and provision that unfinished cantonment against the day of trouble.

The Afghan Sirdars, meantime, watched these proceedings in a puzzled inimical silence. Retribution for the massacre of a peaceful Embassy they had expected as a matter of course—retribution followed by prompt departure. But this "pestilent *zabardusti*² little General Sahib" seemed in no hurry at all. His suspicious zeal in the matter of provisions augured a prolonged visitation such as they had no mind to endure; and in Afghanistan there is always a convenient holy man to blow the spark of fanatical hate to a flame.

Such an one was the ancient high priest of Ghazni, muskh-i-Alum, Fragrance of the Universe—a name befitting most of his kind,* though the

² High-handed.

ribald infidel might express it in plainer terms; and very soon the General at Kabul knew him for the leading spirit of a great national rising that was now but a question of time.

Early in December the storm broke, and there followed two weeks of sharp fighting for possession of the heights around Kabul—weeks that filled the heart of a certain exacting Adjutant with overwhelming pride in the men he had sworn at and loved and handled for years.

But neither gallantry, nor discipline, nor skill in the art of war could avail for long against the overwhelming hordes that poured into Kabul valley, from north and south and west, like torrents let loose in spring. By the middle of the month, they amounted to anything between sixty and seventy thousand; and in spite of the unconquerable spirit that pervaded all ranks, the General—wise as he was bold—decided to concentrate within his defences till relief should arrive.

For a week that dogged little army remained in a state of siege, impatiently awaiting the combined attack that was to wipe it off the face of the earth—and at dawn on the 23rd it came.

On the 22nd spies brought news of the intended coup; the signal for action to be a beacon fire lighted on the Asmai heights above Sherpur by the Fragrance of the Universe in person.

That night the old man had himself carried up the hill, and there, in the bitter cold of a December dawn, he set the beacon ablaze, pouring oil upon the flame with his own sacred hand. That wild signal, leaping aloft, flung shafts of light down to the snow-covered plain; down to that huge parallelogram of walls and bastions where the infidel slept in supposed innocence of his approaching doom.

As a matter of fact, the infidel was very much awake and aware.

Throughout the night a strict watch had been kept within those walls. Already every man was at his post; Chetwynd and Blundell shared a small tent in a ditch below one of the bastions where the guns were ready. In the dark of earliest morning a gunner awaked them; and, as they followed him up on to the tower, the flare of that great beacon laughed in their faces, a welcome promise of action—at last!

"Thank the Lord, they mean business!" Chetwynd ejaculated piously under his breath.

No one on the bastion spoke above a whisper; and in the deep, expectant hush that prevailed their quick ears caught the scrape of scaling-ladders dragged over frosty snow; the shuffling tramp of sandalled feet—thousands and thousands of them hurrying across the open plain.

Then, as the east glimmered, a rifle shot rang out from Deh-i-Afghan; another from the King's Garden; another, and again another, from villages on the south and east of Sherpur. Shadowy masses of men bearing huge ladders made a determined rush for the walls, and, at intervals, jets of flame flashed out.

For answer, the crackling laughter of carbines and the roar of howitzers, announced that the "surprise" was no surprise at all, and effectually checked the opening move. Within the zone of that leaden hail-storm men could not live, much less attempt to scale the walls.

But this was merely the opening chorus. And now—over by the south-eastern angle—there arose a mighty shout that swelled to a roar, as if the throats of half Afghanistan yelled defiance. Here also counter-defiance greeted them in a deafening rattle of musketry from the Queen's Corps of Guides, well chosen by the General to defend his weakest point. But the

Afghans, though smitten by volley on volley, came on again, and yet again. That awful composite roar and rattle swelled and sank and swelled anew; while other attacking parties howled in chorus.

Not until near noon was there any real sign of wavering; then did the General—with a true soldier's instinct for the right stroke at the right moment—let slip his horse artillery with most of his cavalry—

And the siege of Sherpur was at an end.

Fast and far rode the pursuers. Far and fast sped the pursued. By sunset that vast army—not less than a hundred thousand men—had been swept out of sight and hearing as if it had never been. Only the dead, lying unburied where they had fallen, remained for witness that the god of war had passed that way—a victory indeed!

IV.

Christmas again and the Punjab! Bungalows again and mufti, and the sight and sound of English women, welcome exceedingly to men who had been cut off from them for more than a year. For although the victory of Sherpur had been conclusive, the troops despatched in September '79 had not returned to India till autumn of 1880.

After seven months of peaceful occupation, the second Afghan War had culminated, dramatically enough, in that daring and brilliant dash from Kabul to retrieve the disaster of Maiwand and relieve an invested Kandahar. Within five days of receiving Viceregal sanction for his bold enterprise, the General and ten thousand picked troops were ready for any vicissitude, for any fate. There lay before them three hundred and twenty miles of hard continuous marching through the fanatical Ghilzai country, cut off from communication with the

world, from all hope of help, should disaster befall.

But the men trusted their General and the General trusted his men; a combination that practically puts failure out of court.

As many of his original regiments as were fit for this strenuous finale were included in his compact little force—Dick Chetwynd and his Invincibles among them. No question this time of smuggling in a "grand piano" even had the "great F.F." given the word.

Dick had found his treasure intact, after the siege, safe sheltered still in the house of Hasan Khan; and, in the haste and excitement of departure, he had the happy inspiration of presenting it to the Chief as a trifling tribute of gratitude for services rendered. The gratitude, it seemed, was Hasan Khan's; and Chetwynd had set out on that memorable 8th of August, feeling the lighter by four camels' load of responsibility—a free man at last!

He had undertaken to pull the thing through without "giving away the Regiment," and he had been as good at his word; but the firm resolve of his heart was: "Never again: not for all the Colonels in creation!"

Then the great adventure afoot swamped all minor considerations whatever.

For three weeks that dogged little force—marching, always marching, in the hottest month of the year—vanished from human ken. In England and India the tension of suspense grew and grew till it became almost unbearable. What then must it have been at Kandahar? And still they marched and marched—footsore, thirst-tormented, stunned with lack of sleep. Nothing stayed their progress; and enthusiasm grew out of the enterprise; grew "as a response to the unflinching spirit of the leader himself."

In those three weeks he gave them

but one clear day of rest; and on August 31st, he marched them, dead beat but triumphant, to the walls of the invested town. Next morning, after a sound night of sleep, they arose at dawn to fight the battle of Kandahar; and with that decisive victory the war came fittingly to an end.

And now early on Christmas Eve, Captain and Brevet-Major Richard Chetwynd sat beside a cheerful log fire in his old bungalow, enjoying his *chota hazri*, previous to enjoying still more, his morning ride.

If there were those who questioned the wisdom and justice of the second Afghan War, it was not in human nature that he should be reckoned among them. It had given him the best year of his life; and seemed likely to prove the turning-point of his career.

There was also a girl—a wonderful girl, whose like had never been since the world began; a slender dark creature with violet-gray eyes.

Before leaving India, the spell had been upon him; and in a year of separation he had discovered that a man may arrive at worshipping a woman even as he had worshipped his regiment.

Only last night he had confided that discovery to the Wonderful Girl, in fear and trembling; and behold, there was no reason to fear or tremble at all.

By way of confirmation, he was to fetch her that morning and take her for a ride. It was all very amazing and uplifting; and Dick had no quarrel whatever, just then, with this best of all possible worlds. His beloved corps, though battered, had covered itself with distinction. The "great F. F." was at home on sick leave; and there was a new soda-water machine in the regimental canteen. Some day he would tell that tale to the Wonderful

Girl. For he was inordinately proud of his own share in it.

He found her ready for him; and in the rapture of that first greeting, confirmation was complete.

Thereafter they trotted leisurely down the Mall, absorbed in the only subject under the sun, when, of a sudden, Dick's eye was arrested by a man in a poshteen on a sorry-looking pony—an Afghan unmistakably; and, as he drew near, Chetwynd knew him for a follower of Hasan Khan.

"What the dickens is *that* fellow doing in India?" he exclaimed in amazement; and very soon had his answer. For the Afghan—recognizing him—cantered up and poured forth a tale of woe which had brought him post haste from Kabul in search of the little red Sahib who had given his master, at parting, a devil-machine that made still water alive.

Now the Light of Nations hearing of this thing had denounced it as black magic and cast the owner into prison under sentence of death. "Since that hour, Chetwynd Sahib," the man concluded, "I have ridden night and day to find your honored regiment. And now, I beseech you, in God's name, make immediate arrangement to remove that devil-machine from Kabul—or my master is a dead man."

A devil-machine indeed! Would he never be rid of the confounded thing?

Thus Dick, in the privacy of his heart, while he briefly explained matters in politer language to the Wonderful Girl.

"It's the worst of luck, isn't it? But I simply *must* go home at once and wire to Simla. It's all I can do. I'll come round again this evening. No fear."

So they parted—for the moment, and there sped to the Military Secretary at Simla an urgent wire promising further unofficial explanation, and begging, meantime, that the mind of the

Amir might be promptly set at rest as regards the legacy left by a grateful British officer to Sirdar Hasan Khan.

To that end, the matter had to be laid before the Viceroy, who was not above enjoying the joke, and who despatched, forthwith, a special firman to His Highness at Kabul, explaining the harmless and useful nature of an infernal machine the like of which was to be found in every cantonment throughout India.

In this wise, at last, the ghost was laid; and Dick had no more of the

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unauthorized incubus that had once threatened to tarnish the reputation of his regiment.

Sir Richard Chetwynd is a distinguished General now, with half the alphabet after his name; but it is doubtful whether any of his brilliant achievements in the field have ever given him quite the same satisfaction as that unnoticed exploit on the Shutarguridan Pass, whereby he saved the face of his Colonel and supplied the Kabul Field Force with soda-water into the bargain.

Maud Diver.

A HERO'S EXIT.

A son of England, bred betwixt the Dee
And Mersey, wounded unto death was lying;
Near him an officer of the enemy
Lay also stricken and dying;

Who, seeing the Englishman with thirst half crazed,
Toward his own full flask made kindly gesture;
But to his own lips 'twas in error raised,
Ere he doffed mortal vesture.

"*Nein, nein,*" he murmured, waving it away,
And bade them minister to his English foeman,
And so passed into silence. On that day
A nobler death died no man.

And English soldiers dug his alien grave,
And with scant ritual, and no needless ceremonies,
Tenderly was the tender and the brave
Left to Earth's cold endearments.

His name our warriors knew not. But I think
That in some book to German and to Briton
Sealed until Doomsday, with no fading ink,
'Tis luminously written.

William Watson.

The Saturday Review.

"THIS MURDEROUS WAR."

"In this murderous war," said Monsieur Cambon, the French Ambassador, speaking at the Guildhall, "in this murderous war, the most terrible the world has ever seen, we remain true to our ideals of humanity and freedom"; and the phrase, "this murderous war," calls up a vision of scenes now being enacted within a winter day's journey of our south-eastern coast.

One sees a flat but pleasant country, capable of nearly all wholesome produce, and carefully prepared for various crops by many generations of labor. The land is drained by small and sluggish streams, deep ditches, and canals. Paved roads run across it, shaded by poplars, and leading from village to village, or town to town, almost as the crow flies. Villages and towns are marked by tall church towers or spires, which act even more surely as guides than the mountain peaks of other countries. Here and there one finds an isolated farm, or a "château surrounded by a copse of trees brilliant with autumn colors. The whole landscape is prettily wooded, and that makes the war more murderous.

At intervals the straight roads are interrupted by barricades or barbed-wire entanglements. Earthworks extend into the carefully cultivated fields on both sides, and in some places covered tunnels are constructed, into which men may run like mice. The paved or earthen roadway itself is often pitted by fallen shells, and in the soft fields, chasms have been exploded ten times deeper than a ploughshare's furrow. To and fro upon the roads, the inhabitants of the towns, villages, and farms are continually moving in search of safety, carrying their children and bundles of selected goods

from their possessions. Near the coast they stand in groups upon the highest sandhills, waiting to see whether they can venture home for one more night, or must wander off among strangers. They can see their lanes and highways full of troops—dark blue men, lighter blue men, with red trousers, mounted men whose dark cloaks partly conceal carefully browned breastplates, and whose helmets have a brown cover drawn over them, though the long horsetail plume hangs down their backs as in Napoleonic pictures. In some familiar field, motor wagons and carts and ambulances are herded now, and under the willows a battery of big guns waits in hiding. Beyond the moving troops, not many miles away, from one end of the horizon to the other, they can see a long line of smoke always curling up. It is chiefly gray, but sometimes black, and against the black, sudden white puffs like wool appear with spurts of flame. The gray smoke rises from their blazing or smouldering villages; the white puffs from shrapnel bursting in the air; the black clouds from huge percussion shells striking on stone or wood. And from end to end of that long, smoking line, the thunder of cannon never stops.

Ten miles back from the line, the thunder is heard only as a deep, continuous murmur, varied by deeper thuds. But over an ancient town even at that safe distance an aeroplane swoops and circles like a hawk over young pheasants. The tips of its wings are curved into rounded hooks, and at sight of it a crackling of rifles rises from the town. Everyone who has a firearm of any kind rushes out to take a shot at man's latest invention. The guns join in, and shrapnel bursts round the winged machine in

little clouds. Everyone longs to see it fall headlong, dashing its two brave airmen to pieces. It drops a bomb, which falls through a roof in a back street, though aimed at the ammunition store sheds, and kills two children at breakfast. The shrapnel and rifle bullets fired from the town also fall in showers upon roofs and streets. One passes through a priest's hat and brain; another pierces a woman's throat as she calls to a neighbor to look at the "Taube." The aeroplane is already lost to sight in the morning mist, but like the love which is new every morning, it will return, and from end to end of the distant line, the rumble and thud of cannon never stop.

No one could say where the other end of that flaming, smoking, and thundering line might be, but in the north the sea appeared to end it at last. And just where the sea ends it, people in the days before the war had built a little "seaside resort," with hotels, lodging-houses, esplanade, bathing-machines, golf links, shops, and everything conducive to the restoration of health. Four six-inch guns are now firing from the golf-link bunkers. Four more are concealed among the birch-trees of the public gardens. The enemy answers with heavy shells that crash through the roofs of lodging-houses and upset the billiard tables in the casino. The bodies of men lie upon the esplanade, and no one stops to look at them. Into the saloon of one hotel the wounded are being taken, some limping, some stretched out between bearers. Suddenly there comes a more terrific crash than even the six-inch batteries are making. An enormous cone of iron flies screaming over the bathing machines at a thousand miles an hour. A mile or less out at sea a huge black ship slowly moves—broad in the beam, almost oval in shape, almost flat-

bottomed. From two great guns before her funnels she flings those terrific shells. Marvellous contrivances of electric sound and wireless currents direct her aim, and the shells strike death many miles away into an unseen enemy's men. In a short time, so we hear, they have reduced a battalion of 1,000 to 85. For the line of fire has now been extended into the sea itself, and from the open sea, far away over rivers, canals, and carefully cultivated lands into an unknown distance the thunder of cannon never stops.

It is evening in one of the most beautiful Flemish towns. The belfry of the famous Town Hall is striking six amid a cloud of dust and smoke; for a "Black Maria" has just carried away one side of the Hall itself, destroying the proud labor of some forgotten architect. Many townspeople lie startled or groaning among the ruins. In the big square, soldiers stand impatiently round small fires and camp kettles, hoping there may still be time for supper. But into the midst of them and their kettles another shell falls, and many never want supper again. Close by, the ambulance wagons are hurriedly clearing the wounded out of a hospital; for a shell has plunged through the barrack roof and penetrated all the wards, killing some of the dying quick. Men and women run about the streets, some making for the open country in the rain, some for the old security of home. They pile mattresses against the windows and over the gratings, in hopes that the shells may not burst or penetrate. They clamber into dark and airless cellars, where, crowded thick without room to lie down, men and women with the children spend the night of indecent barbarism. Overhead they hear the crash of falling towers and walls. The beautiful and ancient town is rocking to destruction, and all night

long the thunder of the cannon never stops.

When night is blackest, a long stream of soldiers moves, singing, through the streets. It is "Morituri" that they sing, no matter for the words or language. Their way is lighted by the houses of rich and poor that are beginning to burn. Their marching feet crunch upon the glass shaken from windows by the explosion of the shells. Gusts of autumn wind bring slates and calcined masonry crashing down upon the pavements. The column is made up of mixed battallions, for few battallions can now muster even two companies of their own. They leave the town's ancient ramparts by the southeastern gate. They advance for a few hundred yards along an open road between fields. Then they creep in file into the shallow trenches, cautiously stepping over the living, the wounded, and the dead that lie in sludge, just visible under the rainy moon. The enemy's attack was savage just about sunset. They came on thick as sheep before a dog, but with rifles and machine-guns we mowed them down. They built shelters and sangars of their dead. They are now carting away their dead, four tied together, in bails, to be burnt at Ghent. That is good hearing. We, too, must remove our dead and the wounded. The ambulances are waiting, hidden by the avenue behind the line, and all the while the thunder of the cannon never stops.

The Nation.

Just before daybreak the wounded are brought into long sheds beside the station. There they wait till trains are ready to take them to base hospitals further from the front. As the ambulances are unloaded, it is found that many have already died upon the way, and these are carried to another shed, called a "Morgue." The living are laid upon pallasses or straw, and surgeons move rapidly from one to another, cutting, plugging, and binding. Some of the men are left on stretchers, through which blood runs. The amount of blood in men is incredible. Some of the wounded were "the enemy," but now they are only wounded and dying men, babbling of their pain or of their homes, in uncouth and childlike language. Some lie still, wakeful with shock, or breathing heavily in prostration. The eyes of some are glazing, their feet and faces turning yellow. There are things that human beings dare not realize, lest they should go mad. Invisible in air or ground, the microbes of gangrené and tetanus are seeking what they may devour, and all the while the thunder of the cannon never stops.

"In this murderous war," said the French Ambassador, "we remain true to our ideals of humanity and freedom." We are fortunate in possessing such ideals, to which we can still remain true. For the war is murderous, and the thunder of the cannon never stops.

ON BOASTERS.

One would have to go a very long way—farther, a good deal, than Tipperary—to discover a nation that could honestly boast that it was free from boastfulness. It is as natural for nations to boast as for ducks to waddle.

China, perhaps, offers us an example of a great nation which is not given to self-praise. But that may simply be because the Chinese, as Mr. Lowes Dickinson tells us, do not possess a national self-consciousness. National

self-consciousness easily passes into national self-approval, and this soon swells to monstrous proportions as if it were suffering from some kind of elephantiasis. The Jews are not the only people who have looked on themselves as a chosen race. God's own country is marked upon a different place on the map according to whether the map is studied by an American, an Englishman, or a Zulu. There is a certain proportion to be observed even here, however. Those who observe it we call patriots: those who do not we call Jingoese. Patriotism is a form of self-respect: Jingoism is as a roaring of gluttons. That the vice and the virtue are near each other cannot be denied; but near as they are—and even mixed as they may often be—they are readily distinguishable. Patriotism is seen to prevail in the funeral speech of Pericles: it prevails, though it is mixed, in the poetry of Walt Whitman: it is mixed almost inextricably in the poems of Mr. Kipling. It is the same with nations as with orators and poets. We have the positives, comparatives, and superlatives of self-admiration—the swelled chest (which is healthy), the swelled stomach (which is dubious), and the swelled head (which is damnable). It seems to us that during recent years no nation has practised the posture of the swelled head quite so successfully as the Germans. Interesting things could be written on England's swelled head or France's swelled head or Russia's swelled head; but if you wanted to write the epic of a swelled head, you would, we imagine, turn to Germany for your ideal subject. The title of Reich's book, *Germany's Swelled Head*, would almost serve as a title for the history of Germany since 1870. Germany has been boasting for nearly half a century, till she has persuaded herself almost that everybody and everything that God ever made more than

ordinarily well was German either in racial or in national origin. Bernhardi has no doubt that the Germans are "the greatest civilized people known to history," and Houston Chamberlain wins the ear of the people for the theory that "true history begins from the moment when the German with mighty hand seizes the inheritance of antiquity." He claims the genius of the earth as German. Dante's face, for instance, he describes as "characteristically German," and St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians he regards as a "document in which one fancies one hears a German speaking who was exceptionally gifted for the understanding of deepest mysteries." Whether Christ was a German or not he leaves an open question, but he declares that "whoever maintains that Christ was a Jew is either ignorant or dishonest"; and another authority has not hesitated to claim the founder of the Christian religion as of the German race. It would be unfair to argue in every case as though a theory of race were the same as a theory of nationality; but is not Pan-Germanism simply an attempt to substitute a racial for a national theory of political excellence? It is the subtlest form of Imperialism imaginable, for, wherever the appeal to national egoism fails, there the appeal to racial egoism is ready to take its place. The Germans, indeed, have invented a new religion of race: that helps to explain why they have given to the present war something of the ruthless character always associated with wars of religion.

That the Germans have a boastful Emperor is, perhaps, not so unusual a phenomenon. Emperors and kings have a way of being boastful. One remembers how Louis Quatorze had a medal struck in which he was represented as the Sun-god; one remembers, too, the witty retort of William of Orange,

who had another medal struck picturing himself as Joshua, the man who made the sun stand still. Not that Louis was the first monarch to affect godhead of sorts. Kings and gods have been in strange confusion ever since men allowed kings to be set over them. The Roman Emperors boasted of godhead from the beginning. Even Julius Cæsar, during his Dictatorship, was honored in an official inscription at Ephesus as "the god made manifest, offspring of Ares and Aphrodite, and common saviour of human life." Augustus was similarly glorified during his life as "the Emperor, Cæsar, son of a god, the god Augustus, of every land and sea the overseer." And scholars have pointed out that when members of the Church of England today pray "through Jesus Christ our Lord" for "our most gracious Sovereign Lord" the King, they are unconsciously perpetuating the last relics of the formulæ of Emperor-worship in heathen Rome. We are surprised none the less when we find an Emperor of our own time reasserting some of the old claims to deification. The divine right of kings is as odious a doctrine as the divine right of Empires. When we find both rights affirmed in the same breath, as they have frequently been by the German Emperor, every democratic nerve in our body is awake to the fact that a new danger has come upon civilization. One might quote numerous instances of this personal and national arrogance, but one will suffice—the speech in which the Kaiser bade his troops: "Remember that the German people are the chosen of God. On me, as German Emperor, the Spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His viceroy. Woe to the disobedient, death to cowards and unbelievers!" One may laugh at this as megalomania, but it is dangerous megalomania when it happens to be one of the most power-

ful rulers of the earth who suffers from it. At the same time, one has the consolation of knowing that megalomania of this kind is usually a false light which leads its victim into the bogs. Napoleon was a mighty boaster, but he was a poor prisoner on a barren rock four years after he had proudly prophesied: "In three years I shall be master of the universe." This conquest of the universe is the foolish dream of all these vain boasters, who cannot even conquer Paris or London. Napoleon boasted that he would take London just as the modern German boasted that he would take Paris. "Before ten years are past," he said in 1811, "I shall have conquered England." And is not one reminded of the Kaiser's peacock words by that other sentence spoken by Napoleon at the same time, in which he said: "I am not the successor of the French kings, but of Charlemagne, and my kingdom is the restoration of the Empire of the Franks"?

The world has always taken two views of boasting. One is that it is sinful; the other is that it is ridiculous. It is a vice, however, that has no defenders. Even Mr. Kipling, who may be said to have boxed the compass of boastfulness—not personal boastfulness, but Imperial boastfulness—preaches against it like a Christian. His *Recessional* is not a mere brawl of cant, as some people contend; it is genuine poetry expressing one of the oldest and profoundest moods of man—the dread of the boastfulness he finds in his own heart. The ancients pictured God as a jealous God—jealous of the boastful deed, jealous of the boastful word. He is a God who will have no rivals either among gods or men. He is intolerant of the boastful imagination that can plan Towers of Babel. And this idea of God as the enemy of insane ambitions was common to the Greek and to the Jew. The

Greek never ceased to counsel moderation and to remind the proud that it was the lofty summits that were struck by lightning and the high trees that were uprooted by the storm. There is a kind of boastfulness, it is true, which is pretty enough—the boastfulness of Alan Breck, for instance. But boastfulness like this is a mere extra, a colored garment, a plaything. It is not spiritual boastfulness such as destroys at once every generous instinct and every instinct of common sense. Even Falstaff's boastfulness was but a string of phrases which could do little harm to the commonwealth. There is no virtue in it, but neither is there any usurpation in it save of an honored stool at an inn. Perhaps it is just because it was this sedentary boasting, and not a vice in action, that we are so gentle with it—so gentle, indeed, that we resent the punishment which finally falls upon it. As a rule our moral sense is rather pleased when we see a boaster levelled. We certainly shed no tears when the frog which attempts to puff itself out to the size of a bull bursts. When the candle that boasts that it is equal to the sun and the moon and the stars is blown out by the wind, we consent to its extinction without dissatisfaction as a piece of justice. If the cock that boasted that it was his crowing which made the sun rise were in our poultry yard, it would be he by preference above all the other fowls that we would have for our Sunday dinner. And yet, despite our hatred of boastfulness, we are all of us boasters from the cradle. The child boasts of its dolls as the old man boasts of the days when he was young. We boast of everything we are as well as of everything we mean to do. The white races boast

The New Statesman.

of their whiteness, the pink races of their pinkness, the black races of their blackness. John Bull boasts of his John-Bullishness; the Scotchman boasts of his Scotchness; the Irishman of his Irishness. It is impossible to draw a definite line and say that on one side this boastfulness is harmless and on the other it is a beast. It is an instinct which tells us when the limit has been passed. A boast, made once, may be amusing; made three times, it may be a burden. It is the din as of a blacksmith's forge of boasts that has made the world so impatient of German talk about Germany. "It is not only," said Dostolevsky many years ago, "the Teutonic grocer and shoemaker now who are overconfident, but professors, eminent scientists, and even the ministers themselves as well." And to-day it is a hundred times worse. Grocers, authors, and ministers have raised a Tower of Babel of boasts about German culture and civilization which is at once a miracle of vulgarity and of engineering. One of the Kaiser's pictures represents the vine of German culture as spreading its shade and its rare and refreshing fruit over the nations of the earth. One resents that boastful image chiefly because one knows that, however benevolent it may seem, it is really a denial of the right of everybody else's vine and fig-tree to exist. This universal vine is a monster and an enemy of the light. Luckily, it is also almost an impossibility. Real German culture is happily safe with buried scholars and poets; it will rise again from their tombs long after the hot breath of the boasting of professors and grocers will seem to have withered it utterly.

THE PERIL FROM ALIENS.

Lord Crawford, as is proved by his appointment to public positions requiring a high degree of good sense and an accurate judgment, is a man who is trained to weigh his words. He does not "talk through his hat." We confess, therefore, that when we read the speech which he made in the House of Lords recently we found it by far the most disturbing statement we have yet come across as to the danger we are running from the presence of enemy aliens. What he said was a very sharp challenge to the Government which cannot possibly be ignored. Lord Haldane's answer, which emphasized the enormous difficulties of the subject—difficulties we all most readily admit—was not an answer at all. In what we have written on other occasions about the alien peril we have done our best to discourage a policy of promiscuous alien-hunts merely because such a policy was demanded by uninstructed outbursts of popular passion or by newspaper clamor. Terrible injustice may be done by such means, and for our own part we experience rather a sense of shame than an access of confidence in our methods of public security when we are told, for example, by an hotel keeper that he has "sacked every man of German birth in the place"—even those who had been naturalized British subjects for many years and had sons serving in the British Army. Any one who acts like that has probably surrendered his soul to some callous and panic-stricken customer. On the other hand, we distinctly do not deprecate any measures, however drastic, that may be thought necessary by the Government after a consideration of facts which are much better known to them than to the public. The safety of the realm is their high trust, and if they

conclude that in ensuring the safety of the realm measures are necessary which incidentally will inflict great hardship on innocent persons, we must not shrink from those measures for a moment. We do not stay our artillery fire because some innocent persons may be straying about in the enemy's lines. It is not rigor we object to in the treatment of aliens, but futile passion, supported, as it often is, by the most monstrous and unprofitable of all demands—the demand that like should be met by like, and that the acts of the enemy should be met by reprisals.

With such principles as these in mind, let us examine what Lord Crawford said. Is it really a fact that, while some persons are lashing themselves into a fury with the thought that a small shopkeeper with a German name in an inland town may be a spy, aliens on the Scottish coast have easy opportunities for carrying on signalling by flashlight, and that their residence within a prohibited area has hitherto been treated only by interventions and punishments that must be described as derisory? Lord Crawford spoke only of a small district which he knows well near his own home. If he is not mistaken in his facts, it is certain that what he has noticed must be multiplied a hundredfold in order to reach an estimate of the services that are being rendered to the German Navy all along the coast. The county of Fife, in which Lord Crawford lives, has a submarine base in the north at Dundee, and on the south the great naval base of Rosyth. Early in the war the county of Fife was declared to be a prohibited area for aliens, but Lord Crawford said that nevertheless up to a few days ago, when apparently his observations ceased, aliens con-

tinued to live there. There was an enemy alien, to whom the Government, for good reasons, had refused naturalization before the war, living in a house overlooking the North Sea. Next door but one to him there was another enemy alien who talked freely of his relations in the German Army and of his profound contempt for his country. We dare say that the man who boasted openly was a less dangerous person than his presumably more secretive and outwardly more Anglophil neighbor; but what was either of these men doing there after Fife had been proclaimed a prohibited area? Surely the Home Office, which is the Department responsible for the public safety in these respects, does not intend that an Order shall be issued merely to be openly disregarded? Can Lord Crawford be mistaken? We have heard statements as positive as Lord Crawford's which turned out to be mere moonshine. Lord Crawford, however, is not at all the sort of witness to make assertions of that kind, not at all the type of man to let the war rattle his nerves and fill his brain with spectres. But Lord Crawford had still more astonishing statements to make. A German, he said, was detected tampering with official messages sent to the Coastguard by telephone. He was removed, but he persuaded the authorities that he was innocent, and he was allowed to return, though his telephone was cut off. If he was an alien, why was he allowed to return to the prohibited area, innocent or not? And if it was right for him to return, and he was innocent of the charge of tampering with messages why was his telephone cut off? This seems rather like giving three weeks' imprisonment to a man who has successfully appealed against a conviction for murder. But on October 29th the authorities again removed this telephoneless alien. "I am not certain that he will not get

back again," was Lord Crawford's comment.

Lord Crawford then went on to speak of the lamp-signalling. Signalling from the shore to ships in the Firth of Forth was, he said, continuous, but he did not know whether the signals were intended for submarines or for commercial vessels. Much of this signalling is probably official or authorized. But it is obvious that if signalling to commercial ships is allowed there is plenty of room for messages to be conveyed to ships which are serving the German cause. No doubt some of the "neutral" ships which use our East Coast ports are simply tenders for German submarines. Other highly suspicious occurrences were mentioned by Lord Crawford, and we will quote his words as they were reported in the *Times*:—

"A third form of communication with the enemy is a very carefully prepared system of communications by post. In order to escape the Censor, a private postal system is arranged by commercial boats that come into our ports. Then Germany and Austria have Consular agents in Fife. They are still resident in the county, or at least were a week ago; and though belonging to neutral nations, they are officials of the enemy. The Firth of Forth also is full of German sailors. Our policy has been to try in commercial life to ignore the responsibilities of war, and to keep open trade between Denmark, Sweden, and Scotland. It is, therefore, perfectly easy for Germany to send her sailors into the Forth in commercial boats. Then there are cases of illegal export and import of cargoes, and there have been two cases of the illegal importation of dynamite without the formalities of entry. Wretched little twopenny-halfpenny boats carrying immense quantities of dynamite—there have been two cases of that in the last few weeks. Again at this particular port there have been in the last few weeks two cases of illegal export of petrol, not great quantities which

would be useful to a belligerent Power as a cargo delivered on land, but small consignments which would be invaluable to an enemy ship lying off the coast. These are only two ports out of the whole row on the north and south sides of the Forth. In one of these cases the man who committed the crime was fined £5. The fine was paid. Fine him £500 and the fine would be paid next day. A fine is no good. My last point is the danger of mines. A ship was brought into one of these ports the other day and searched. It was discovered that one of her coal bunkers was three parts filled with sawdust. No sailor in his senses would carry sawdust close to the engines. Of course the assumption was that this harmless boat had been dropping mines, which we know to our cost have been strewn up and down our North Sea shores."

Towards the end of his speech Lord Crawford said that some naturalized British subjects had been removed, but others had been allowed to remain "against whom there is not the suspicion but the knowledge of offences against the law." That is a very definite statement, which we assume Lord Crawford is able to prove. He suggests that the real weakness of our methods is that the will of the Home Office has not been clearly expressed, and that local authorities do not know what they may legally do or not do, or, indeed, what the Home Office in general would wish them to do. "They live in fear of a snub from the Home

The Spectator.

Office or the Scottish Office." Surely, if an offence, or an attempt to commit an offence, is proved against an enemy alien or a naturalized British subject shooting is a penalty which no one could call unjustifiable. Men guilty of helping the enemy are simply spies within our lines, or traitors to their adopted country. There cannot be any dispute about that. If the penalty visited on them is one of laughable leniency, the spy or traitor, so far from being deterred, has an actual incentive to continue his business. He sees himself in an heroic light—and he will get rich rewards when peace is restored and the time comes to acknowledge his "dangerous" services. Imprisonment, even for a considerable period, is certainly not a practical way of dealing with guilty aliens. They know that with the war will end all imprisonments for war offences. The only deterrent which is effective against patriotism, liberal bribes, and the love of adventure is the dread of a firing party. The patriotic German alien, on fire to do something for his country, has always been told that the English are too "soft" to shoot, and that his own Government will guarantee that he shall not suffer imprisonment beyond the war, whatever happens. Hence the risks of spying seem very small. This is a view we shall be very foolish to encourage. Lord Crawford's statements require a speedy and precise answer.

THE SILENT PEOPLE.

What's the noise in Piccadilly? What's the sound in Oxford Street?

What's the shouting down the Strand and Ludgate Hill?

"Evenin' paper—Evenin' paper!"—"Speshul!"—"Victory!"—"Defeat!"

But through the din of London you can hear them calling still

Over there, the Silent People, over there.

The Silent People.

They are lying in the trenches; they are lying by the guns;
 They are lying on the dusty roads of France.
 It isn't as they wanted, but they weren't the lucky ones,
 They staked themselves for country's sake and lost the toss
 to Chance,
 So they joined the Silent People over there.

And some wore stripes, and some wore stars, and some were
 private-chaps
 With a bit of aluminum on the chest,
 But they all turn-in together; though there's one or two
 perhaps
 Have a scrap of England over them, it's plain earth for the
 rest,—
 Do they mind, the Silent People? They don't care.

But through the roar of traffic and across the quiet Park
 There's a voice goes up and down upon the wind;
 Though their last "Lights out" has sounded, they are calling
 in the dark—
 Can't you hear them?—they are calling to the ones they
 left behind,
 To the other Silent People everywhere.

For it isn't only foreign skies that see the Silent Folk,
 They are walking by you, sitting in your 'bus,
 And they're luckier than others if it's just their hearts are
 broke;
 They don't want to beg or borrow, they don't want to make
 a fuss,
 But they're finding things are rather hard to bear.

You can see them on the pavement, you can see them in the
 shops,
 You can see them where the 'bus for Hackney starts;
 Don't you seem to hear their footsteps? It's a sound that
 never stops,
 It's a using-up of patience and a wearing out of hearts,—
 Everywhere, the Silent People, everywhere.

There are others over yonder, going Eastward, going strong,
 With a feeling that it's up to them to win,
 With their feet upon the foreign roads and singing: "It's
 a long,
 Long way to Tipperary"—but it's further to Berlin,
 And it's *them*, the Silent People, pay the fare.

Dulcie Lawrence Smith.

The Outlook.

ON GARDENS.

Ever since Eastern tradition planted Adam in a garden at the beginning of things, the parterres and pleasaunces we have come to associate with the word have exercised a wonderful fascination over men of every color and race. How great that has been is reflected in the literature of East and West, and nothing brings us more vividly into touch with these peoples, long passed away, than our sense of comradeship in the universal love of the garden. In this matter-of-fact day we are still conscious of the fragrance distilling from the ancient garden of spices, of the passion and inspiration the Hindu poet drew from the white and blood-red roses: we linger in spirit in the sunny walks and flower-decked spaces where Boccaccio's maidens told their loves, in my lady's bower of which the troubadours delighted to sing, and we recreate the long procession of fair dames and gallant knights whose footfalls pressed the velvet lawns of England. Even yet we sense the perfume and mystery of Babylon's hanging gardens, lying still and fragrant under the brilliant Eastern moon.

The psychology of flowers is one of the oldest sciences in the world. His name, who first discovered the soul of the rose and the lily, has perished, but his lore has never died. It is true that we have done our best to cultivate it out of existence, much as we have buried imagination beneath a weight of book learning. The *Chanson* of the Rose has become the lengthy list of hybrids and perpetuals in the nurseryman's catalogue, but the magic of yesteryear still exists in the velvet blossom when it adorns beauty or becomes a love-token.

Always it was realized that flowers express more perfectly than words

some gracious thought or elusive sentiment. What motto could have been as descriptive as the "*Fleur de lys*" of the spirit of France, containing as it does something gorgeous and æsthetic beyond its chivalry and courage? And the lilies of Florence—scarlet anemones as we know them—growing lush in the meadow grass, prodigal as the genius of their immortal city, no words could paint so apt a picture of its spirit, that soul which out of common clay brought forth painter, poet, statesman, peerless in achievement. The rose was chosen as the emblem of England because it was empress in its own domain; not as we know it, complicated, exotic, a creature of half-tones, fragility, faint scents, and drooping contours, but the damask rose of old England, proud, imperious, single, and stately in bearing, a coronal of crimson around a heart of purest gold, the blood of the nation guarding the throne. The rose is still our national symbol, and its significance is as clear as in the day of its inception.

The fascination of flowers has at all times extended to the love of their cultivation. Since Adam became gardener, the call has been in the blood, and to-day Eve has joined him in the labor as well as the luxury of the flower-border.

A garden should be the complete expression of its maker's personality, and with happier conditions and more intimate contact is rapidly becoming so. The pages in history which were the creative epochs of a nation where the days when the garden became of distinctive form and character, a national appanage instead of a luxury borrowed from a foreign land. The days of Shakespeare and the Armada were synonymous with the zenith of the

formal garden, as were the raised bowling greens, parterres, and herb gardens with the period when the great Gothic cathedrals rose stately in the cities of the land. Similarly when a nation copied the genius of its neighbor in architecture, letters, or painting, it borrowed the pattern of its pleasure grounds and superimposed the unsuitable Italian garden on the classic palace that accorded so ill with English landscape and climate.

Of recent years gardens have reflected the commercial instinct of their country, even while they have shown an encouraging return to simplicity and genuine taste. Gardening is no longer a labor of love; it has developed into a profession. Here and in America men and women by thousands hold the position of brains and taste to those with money, and design for them the gardens they purpose to enjoy. A millionaire is accredited with the saying that the greatest evil of money is its raising up of a wall which prevents its possessor from coming into intimate contact with anything or anyone. In simpler words, he wished to say that the man of wealth is deprived of the luxury of working with his hands, and only sees human nature through the medium of gold. He realized something of what people lose when they depute the building of their houses and the planting of their gardens to paid workers. We consider as the supreme act of a Deity the creative power which brought order and beauty out of the void, and we realize that the point at which man nearest approaches godlike functions is in the exercise of the creative instinct. It is not the common lot of man to write poems or swelling harmonies, but many a one has thrown the whole ambition of his

The Academy.

stunted soul into the twenty square feet of his London yard and felt the true raptures of the artist as it blossomed into the splendor of the rainbow.

Just now, by thousands, men are planning out the joy of next year's flowering time, are lovingly turning the brown earth and putting in bulbs and seedlings to await the coming of spring. Even the anxieties and distresses of the present time fail to quench the ardor of the garden lover. Again the psychology of flowers is apparent; the nurseryman will tell you that the rose, the iris, and the bulbs of brave little Holland are in demand, quite outnumbering other flowers. In the coming summer we are likely to see an efflorescing patriotism in the coloring of suburban borders; it is safe to lay a wager on the favorite colors of the Empire, its red, white, and blue. Nor is that the only effect the war is likely to produce on the garden. Unconsciously, in the strain of a crisis such as we are living through, we turn from the artificial to the simple and natural, to that which is enduring and sincere. This influence will be felt in our literature, our art, and in our gardens. There will be a revulsion from the exotic, the bizarre and problematic elements which have been recently so noticeable a feature in our decorative arts, a return to the simplicity which is the true expression of the beautiful. In this respect gardens have given the lead to their sister arts. The revival of old English flowers, the desire to retain natural features in the garden, the highest use of art in the simulation of natural beauty, are all steps in the best direction. Let us trust that the new tendency may carry them much further.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In Emilie Kip Baker's "Stories from Northern Myths," we are given a companion volume to the same author's "Stories of Old Greece and Rome." The twenty-five or thirty stories included in the later book are selected with care and make a strong appeal to the imagination. Young readers, for whom they are especially intended, will find them full of interest. The Macmillan Company.

The Boy Scouts movement seems to be developing a literature of its own and it would be hard to find any one better qualified to contribute to it than Dr. Everett T. Tomlinson, who is already the author of eighteen books founded upon American history, and calculated to hold the interest of American boys. Boys who have made Dr. Tomlinson's acquaintance in any of his earlier books will be pleased to know that he has begun a series of stories based on the careers of American scouts. The first in the series is "Scouting with Daniel Boone" and it is a vivid and engrossing narrative. It tells the stirring story of two boys who were fortunate enough to share the adventures of Boone on a journey from North Carolina to Kentucky. The author, as he explains in his Foreword, has taken the liberties of a story-teller in dealing with the material at his hand, but all the stories which he weaves into his narrative are true, although not all of them were a part of Boone's career. Doubleday, Page and Company.

It is now twenty years since Mr. Thomas B. Mosher began the publication of "The Bibelot," the aim of which was, as he expressed it in his

prospectus, "To bring together the poesies of other men bound by a thread of one's own choosing" and to "reprint those exotics of Literature that might not immediately find a way to wider reading." During these twenty years, the dainty little magazine, with its blue cover, has become familiar to thousands of readers who were capable of appreciating the choicest things in prose and verse,—for Mr. Mosher's selections included both—and who looked forward to its monthly appearance with more zest than they bestowed upon many more pretentious and costly periodicals. From month to month there was no anticipating what new discoveries Mr. Mosher might make in the field of the rare and choice or half-forgotten; but always it was something worth while, and true to the high standard which he had set himself at the beginning. One of his theories was "that choice typography and inexpensiveness need not lie far apart." Accordingly, the little magazine was exquisitely printed;—for Mr. Mosher's achievements in that direction have become so well-known that "Mosher books" are in a class by themselves—yet it went to the subscribers at a price absurdly low. With Mr. Mosher's other gifts for his chosen venture went not only a fine literary taste, but an unusual grace and delicacy of literary expression, so that his "Forewords" to the choice things which he reprinted did not share the usual fate of Prefaces in being skipped without hesitation, but were read with delight by the discriminating. Now, the period through which Mr. Mosher had planned to conduct this enterprise having been rounded out, he brings it to a conclusion with the December number. Sub-

scribers who have been in the habit of preserving their copies of *The Bibelot*,—and it is safe to assume that most of them have done so—will do well to look carefully through their accumulations, and fill any gaps while it is still possible, with the co-operation of Mr. Mosher. And to private collectors, and to libraries public and private, the opportunity afforded by Mr. Mosher's offer of a limited number of complete sets of *The Bibelot*, in various bindings, may well commend itself as a delightful and perfectly safe investment, for their value will grow with the passage of the years, and they contain many rare and beautiful things which can be found nowhere else. A complete Index to the twenty volumes makes their contents easily accessible. Thomas B. Mosher, publisher, Portland, Me.

We have been fed so long on accounts of the scholarly attainments of English statesmen that we welcome any book by one of our own public men with involuntary delight. But "*Essays: Political and Historical*," by Charlemagne Tower, formerly minister to Austria-Hungary and Ambassador to Russia and Germany, need no such artificial stimulus to make them palatable. They are not only well-written and authoritative, but interesting. The first one, "*The European Attitude Toward the Monroe Doctrine*," sets forth the situation which early in the last century led to President Monroe's announcement of the undesirability of European interference in affairs in the Western hemisphere, and defines carefully its present status among the Powers as a declaration of policy on the part of the United States, whose validity is dependent solely on our powers of enforcement or of intimidation. "*The Treaty Obligations of the United States Relating to the Panama Canal*," begins with our treaty with

the Republic of New Granada in 1846 and traces the question down to the recent discussion of the tolls problem, leaving little doubt of the propriety of the repeal. "*Diplomacy as a Profession*" explains the duties of a diplomat and the qualifications which they demand, and dwells on the importance of placing our own diplomatic service on a firmer basis of promotion for merit so that young men might enter it as they do the army and navy, with some assurance of permanent employment and a chance to rise. "*Some Modern Developments of International Law*" follows the mutual recognition by the Powers of each other's rights as civilized nations from the very beginning of international law in Grotius' "*De Jure Belli ac Pacis*," published in 1625, to the present day, paying special attention to the development of the conventions which govern war. A short chapter on "*Arbitration*" emphasizes the prominent part which that method of settling disputes has played in the history of the United States. The two essays on the conduct of Lord Cornwallis and Sir William Howe during the Revolution present a summary and an interesting criticism of a period of which the average American is apt to think with enthusiastic and unreflecting patriotism. Without minimizing in the least the achievements of General Washington, Mr. Tower points out how often American success would have been practically impossible without the aid of almost inexplicable blunders on the part of the British leaders. Contrasted with the reports which are filling our papers to-day of millions of men engaged in incessant combat, the story of the haphazard, intermittent, almost indifferent manner in which these earlier campaigns were conducted makes curious reading. The book is illustrated with two maps. J. B. Lipincott Company.